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The Mercury.

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NEWPORT, R. I.

THE NEWPORT MERCURY was established in 1852, and has since that time been a leading newspaper in the city. It is published daily except on Sundays and public holidays. The Mercury is owned and published by the Mercury Publishing Co., of which John P. Sanborn is president and A. H. Sanborn, Jr. is manager. The Mercury is a member of the New England Newspaper Association and the New England Press Association.

Societies Occupying Mercury Hall

THE NEWPORT MERCURY HALL is a large and comfortable building, situated at the corner of Thames and Market streets. It is used by various societies and organizations for their meetings and social gatherings.

ARIZONA, TERRITORY, was organized in 1908, and has since that time been a leading territory in the United States. It is now a state, and is one of the most important states in the Union.

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Newport's Traffic Officer.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick B. Coggeshall observed the tenth anniversary of their marriage on Wednesday. The anniversary really fell on the preceding day, but the High Heaven Club met at their home on Wednesday and helped to celebrate the occasion, the couple receiving a "shower" of useful gifts.

Frederick B. Coggeshall and Elizabeth Sherman, daughter of Henry C. Sherman of Middletown, were married at the old Second Baptist Church on Fawcett street, by Rev. J. Chester Hyde, on April 7, 1924. A few months later Mr. Coggeshall was appointed a member of the Newport police commission, which was then in charge of all police affairs. He has had cause to regret the appointment unless it is some of the prizes



Officer Frederick B. Coggeshall.

whom he has gathered in, and even they have seldom evinced any personal hostility toward the genial officer who has proved their Nemesis.

If the crooks are not his enemies, then he certainly has none, for everybody else in town likes him, and nearly all stop to exchange a word when they pass the foot of Washington square. It doesn't matter, however, who is talking to him or how many, as far as his duty is concerned, for his attention cannot be distracted when there is anything requiring his assistance. A little matter of some 80 serious runaways stopped, with a couple of rescues from drowning, all at more or less serious risk to himself, give some idea of the alertness of Newport's most prominent "traffic officer."

The risk to himself is something that he has never stopped to think of, and in consequence some of his adventures have been decidedly spectacular. Some years ago, just after the Boston excursion had landed its passengers and there were nearly 3000 people in the immediate vicinity of Washington square, a big pair of horses attached to a heavy vehicle came dashing driverless toward the crowd. Coggeshall saw the danger to the women and children, and hurried himself at the bit of the nearest horse. Three times he threw the horse to the ground and each time it was dragged to its feet by its own efforts and those of its struggling mate, until it was finally pinioned on the ground. Three carriages were badly smashed, but the excursionists were safe. Coggeshall was half-unconscious when the fight was over, and those who came to aid him were obliged to use force to loosen his hand from the bit. He was carried into Curley's drug store, but his rugged constitution would require much more than that shaking up to keep him off the beat for any length of time.

He once stopped a horse that was dashing for the Thames street shopping district, dragging in the mad race a carriage containing two baby girls, who laughed and shouted with glee at their ride and did not at all relish the sudden stop nor did they appreciate the fate from which they had been saved. Ernst Voigt was more appreciative of the officer's assistance to him when he was in serious danger of being literally torn apart while entangled in the wheels of his carriage, and so was Thomas R. Curtis when a broken harness and a spirited horse made a combination that would have been disastrous without the timely assistance of Officer Coggeshall. Only last week he made another spectacular stop of a serious runaway, being obliged to throw the horse to the pavement.

These are but scattered incidents in his career. He has had his share of about all a policeman's duties—has discovered fires and warned the tenants of their danger; has given first aid to several suicides whom he has discovered, as well as grappled for bodies of men whom he was too late to rescue. He

has had some considerable experience with professional criminals and it was due in no small measure to his astuteness that a number of them subsequently found themselves deprived of their liberty. He has landed several "bad checks" workers in the Thames street district, and he even warned a number of business men against Hunt's forgeries a few years ago, but the victims were so sure of the integrity of the stranger that he made a get-away in safety, carrying considerable of Newport's ready cash in his pockets. He landed a gang who had been breaking into Washington street houses for some time, and he broke up the series of annoying robberies at the Y. M. C. A. a few months ago, discovering all the participants by some very clever work. He took an active part in solving the Century Store burglary last Christmas and was largely instrumental in finding the right track to search for the perpetrators. He located the stolen mailbag from the battleship Itasca Island, and secured the arrest of the man who was responsible for its disappearance.

Officer Coggeshall is a terror to deserters, but his work with them has brought some amusing experiences. He once went out to Codrington's point in search of a couple of men who were reported as missing from one of the battleships and were supposed to be on the point. He made a careful search but failed to locate them. He finally decided that before returning to the city he would try a few shots at some empty bottles with his revolver to keep in practice. After the first shot a pair of frowzy heads were thrust out from an overhanging bank, and two very penitent deserters assured him that they would surrender if only he would not shoot again.

On another occasion he apprehended on Mill street a couple of deserters who offered resistance. He grabbed one and yanked him along while in pursuit of his comrade, who had turned and run. Down toward the Government Landing the three dashed, and the escaping deserter made a wild leap for a boat just leaving the wharf. He landed it all right, but he landed in a case of eggs, and there was not the least difficulty in identifying him when the boat reached the Training Station.

He was once called to a tugboat lying at Briggs wharf, where the drink-crazed cook held the officers and crew in subjugation with his revolver. The cook paroled up and down the deck shouting that he would kill the first man that came out of the cabin but he capitulated rather meekly when Officer Coggeshall thrust his own revolver in his face.

When a winter blizzard prostrated the wires on Washington square a few years ago, and a horse of Frank T. Peckham of Middletown dropped dead with a great gasp in its side where the powerful current burned him, Officer Coggeshall went in and led the wire to a place of safety. When the linemen arrived they told him he was a fool to have touched it. He says now that he didn't realize how dangerous the wire was to him, but it doesn't make any difference anyway—he would have done just the same thing if he had known.

Taking it all together the last nine years have been rather strenuous ones to Officer Coggeshall, but he has at least the satisfaction of knowing that there are many persons walking the streets to-day, good and useful citizens, who would not have been here if he had not intervened when death reached out his grim hand to snatch them. Hardly a week passes without his dragging some women or child from the path of an automobile, but these are mere incidents in his everyday life.

With it all, however, Officer Coggeshall is not the type of policeman on whom wearied nurse girls threaten to call to quiet unruly children. On the contrary he is the friend of all the young, and many a promising youngster of tender years calls out jauntily, but to his mother somewhat amazingly, as they pass the officer on the beat, "Hello, Freebie."

The three members of the license commission, John Mahan, William H. Tobin, and John T. Allan were out on a tour of inspection of the licensed places on Sunday. They saw some things that did not comply with the law and regulations and in consequence some license holders were called before the board Tuesday evening, and given a heart to heart talk as to their methods in the future under penalty of having their licenses revoked.

The annual meeting of the Unity Club was held on Tuesday evening, when officers were elected for the year. Dr. A. F. Squire was elected president to succeed Mr. A. O'D. Taylor, and the other officers are Joseph S. Milne first vice president, Charles E. Morrison second vice president, Miss Eleanor C. Mackie secretary, Charles S. Plummer treasurer, and Miss Ethel C. Plummer assistant treasurer.

The fishing boats are getting ready to go South mackerelling.

Representative Council.

There was a session of the representative council on Monday evening, called at the request of 25 members for the purpose of taking action on the matter of summer liquor licenses. The resolution was passed, and some other business was transacted. The attendance was quite slim, a roll call showing 142 votes. There was some oratory, both over the liquor question and over the Third street extension, but only one vote by roll call was necessary during the session.

The first business of the evening was the reading of the reports, and then a motion was made to take from the table the resolution to request the General Assembly to grant permission to the city of Newport to grant eight additional liquor licenses to continue from June 1st to December 1st. A roll call was demanded on the motion and it was carried by 107 to 85. Mr. Levy moved to reduce the number from eight to four, and the amendment provided. Dr. Brackett wanted the law to read for the present year only and seemed to think the license commission at fault for getting the city into a predicament where there were no licenses left for the summer places. Mr. William H. Tobin of the license commission was present, and told of the license conditions as they appeared to him. After some further talk a vote was taken on an amendment proposed by Dr. Brackett to make the law apply to the present year, and the amendment was lost by 60 to 72.

Max Levy and Ernst Voigt spoke at some length in favor of the passage of the bill as amended, and it was passed on an aye and nay vote, only a few voices being heard in the negative.

A petition was received from Dr. H. R. Storor and a number of others, asking that Dyro street be opened to the Bay and that a section of the proposed boulevard north be begun, the money to be taken from the \$30,000 appropriated for improvements to Third street. A resolution to the same effect came before the council, and provoked a long discussion. J. J. Williams said that the Government's consent to loan part of its land for the Third street improvement had been secured and if there should be changes in the programming the agreement would not stand. A long delay must ensue before another could be made. He hoped that nothing would be allowed to interfere with the Third street improvement exactly as planned. J. Alton Barker also spoke in favor of the Third street plan.

Capt. Roger Wetters of the Training Station was present and was invited to address the council. He spoke briefly, reviewing the efforts that had been made to secure improvement of Third street and calling attention to some defects in the Dyro street plan. He thought that there must be considerable delay before the Government consent could be secured for the use of its land in case there should be a change from the present approved plans. Mr. H. B. Wood, one of the original "Boulevard" men, was given permission to address the council and spoke briefly, replying to some questions that were asked him. A motion to lay the matter on the table was made and carried.

An ordinance was passed amending the tax ordinance by changing the date from April 2 to April 17. A resolution directing the board of aldermen to report a plan for widening parts of Bellevue avenue and Touro street was laid on the table without ceremony. A resolution making an extra appropriation of \$500 for a sewer near Van Zandt avenue bridge was referred to the next committee of 25. A resolution was passed appropriating \$300 for repairs to Briggs wharf, and an recommendation of the board of firewards several vacancies in the fire department were filled. Then an ordinance was passed giving the board of firewards power to fill vacancies in the fire department while the council is not in session. An ordinance was passed giving the Newport & Fall River Street Railway Company permission to lay underground conduits from the power house through Pope and Spring streets to Pelham street was passed, the ordinance to be void unless the Company accepts its terms within ten days after its passage.

By unanimous consent there was some new business introduced. Objection was made to an appropriation of \$1000 for a sewer connection in Training Station road, but an appropriation of \$100 for expenses of the committee on streets was approved.

The young son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles R. Peabody of Providence formerly of Newport, has so far recovered after his operation for appendicitis as to be able to leave the Newport hospital.

Steamer A. T. Serrell port Fishing Co. has delled and rebuilt Wednesday at F. She is being made season.

Recent Deaths.

Samuel F. Barger.

Mr. Samuel F. Barger, one of Newport's best known summer residents, died at his New York home on Tuesday after a long illness. He was in his eighty-third year, and retired from active business some eight years ago. Since that time he had spent a large part of the year at his Newport home, coming early in the spring and remaining until the late fall.

Mr. Barger began the practice of law at the age of 18 years, and quickly rose to prominence as a corporation lawyer. He was a close friend and advisor of the late William H. Vanderbilt and was for many years a member of the board of directors of the New York Central.

He is survived by one son, Mr. Milton B. Barger, and two daughters, Mrs. Barger-Wallach, and Miss Eden Barger. He was closely identified with Newport interests, having served for many years as a member of the board of governors of the Newport Casino.

The remains were brought to this city on Thursday for interment, a special car being attached to the 9.00 o'clock train. The committal service at the grave was conducted by Rev. Holbrook Torrey, D. D., a personal friend of long standing.

Superior Court.

Monday was motion day for April in the Superior Court, Judge Harrows presiding. There were some assignments for trial and other routine matters, but the greater part of the day was given up to a case brought under the Workmen's Compensation Law. Inasmuch as there has not been a serious contest under this law before the case attracted considerable attention. Mr. Levy of this city appeared in behalf of the heirs of Secondo Basso, who was killed while at work on the new Weaver building last fall, and gave indication of a determination to fight the case to the end.

In behalf of the employers, Thomas F. Cullinan Co., witnesses were called to testify to the placing of notices as required by the new law, and also to fix the amount of wages received by the man who was killed. For the other side, many workmen testified that they had not seen the legal notices posted. Most of the men were Italians, and several different interpreters were pressed into service to translate the questions and answers. It was found also that the notice was not worded exactly as the law specifies, and there were several other points that the court will consider.

It was late in the afternoon when court adjourned, and it will not meet again in Newport until the first Wednesday in May.

On to Church.

To-morrow, Sunday, St. Paul's Lodge, No. 14, A. F. & A. M. will attend divine service at Channing Church at 4 p. m., where the Chaplain of the lodge, Rev. W. Safford Jones, will deliver a sermon appropriate to the occasion. In the evening at 7:45 Washington Commandery and St. John's Lodge will attend service at St. George's Church where the Chaplain of St. John's Lodge, Rev. George Vernon Dickey, will conduct the services. It is hoped that there will be a large gathering of the fraternity at both services. All the members of the Order are cordially invited to turn out and show their appreciation of the invitations by their presence. The "go to meeting habit" will be a good thing this time if it induces the members to go to church twice on that day.

The old home of the New England Commercial Bank, whose deposits were purchased a short time ago by the Newport Trust Company, was sold at auction on Monday, in order to wind up the business of the bank. There was a large attendance, and there were some prospective purchasers in the crowd. The bidding was forced up as far as possible, and the property was finally knocked down to Andrew J. DeBlois, who owns the adjoining property, formerly the Robinson Carr estate. For this reason he seemed determined to have the property and he raised each bid even if only for a small amount. The final price was \$11,150.

Broadway near Powell avenue is a busy place just now. The Taggart house is being rapidly demolished. Two new houses are going up in the rear of where the Taggart house stood, one on Bay View avenue and one on Newport avenue. Another house is to go up on the south corner of this lot on Broadway at once. On the other side of the street on the corner of Powell avenue Mr. Young is erecting a garage and Mr. Phebe Bradford Brown is altering the stable on the same lot into a dwelling house. The sound of the axe and hammer is continuous in that section of the town.

It is reported that a block of five is to be erected on Long wharf Spring.

Board of Aldermen.

At the monthly meeting of the board of aldermen on Tuesday evening bills for the month were approved and ordered paid from the several appropriations. The Third street improvement got a little further ahead, a communication from Dr. Huntington being received whereby he offered to accept \$5000 for his land, etc. The offer was accepted and the necessity for condemnation proceedings was removed. A communication from the Navy Department agreeing to the use of a strip of its land at the Naval Hospital for the widening of the street was received and placed on file. Considerable routine business was transacted.

At the weekly meeting on Thursday evening, a number of bills of various kinds were opened and contracts awarded. The contract for incandescent gas street lights went to the Cleveland Vapor Light Company at \$25 per year. The Aquidneck National Bank will furnish \$50,000 on a temporary loan at 3.25. The contract for printing the revised ordinances went to the Milne Printery.

A resolution was taken up requiring the Newport & Providence Railway to replace its rails on Third street with a grooved rail. Clark Burdick, representing the company, protested and it was referred to the city solicitor. Similar action was taken on resolutions requiring both street railway companies to change their grade on Broadway.

Steamer Tests.

The steam fire engines have been out for their regular spring trials this week, and the showing made by some of them seemed to be satisfactory while that of others was not so good. On Wednesday evening, steamers 1 and 7 were given a trying out. No. 1 refused to raise steam and it was announced that her boiler was practically gone. Steamer 7 did a little better, but could not develop much nozzle pressure. On Thursday evening, steamers 2 and 4 were tested and made a much better showing, working for 20 minutes each in a satisfactory manner. The tests were attended by the fire department officials as well as by the committee on fire department from the representative council.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert L. Gorry are the parents of twin boys which arrived on Wednesday, at their New York home. Mr. Gorry is a son of Commodore E. T. Gorry of this city and a brother of Congressman Peter G. Gorry. Mrs. Gorry is a daughter of the late E. H. Harriman.

Messrs. Thomas P. Peckham, James Powell Cozzens and Rev. William Safford Jones will attend the triennial Congress of the National Society, Sons of the Revolution, at Old Point Comfort, next week.

Rev. William I. Ward preached his first sermon as pastor of the First Methodist Episcopal Church last Sunday. There were large audiences at all the services.

Mr. and Mrs. David Braman have returned from a visit to their people at Elkins Park, near Philadelphia, Pa. They have been absent since December.

The annual meeting of the Grand Lodge New England Order of Protection, for Rhode Island will be held in Providence on Wednesday next.

If that fish nuisance on Southwick's wharf is not abated soon the entire neighborhood will be down with the cholera.

The steamboat Co. are making extensive repairs to the north side of Long wharf.

MIDDLETOWN.

St. George's School reopened on Tuesday after its 2 week's vacation. The public schools of the town closed Thursday for a week's spring vacation, reopening April 20th.

Mrs. Joseph E. Farnum and two daughters of Providence are guests for the week of her mother, Mrs. Charles H. Ward.

Mrs. John P. Peckham has returned from an extended visit among relatives in Newark, N. J. At the annual egg supper given by the Epworth League of the M. E. Church on Tuesday evening, a reception was tendered to Rev. and Mrs. E. E. Wells as a public means of expressing the pleasure of the parish at their return.

Mr. Elisha Clarke Peckham, who at the age of 90 is Middletown's oldest citizen, was on hand at the financial town meeting, casting his vote as usual. His interests continue unabated, and while he does not go out often, a special effort is always made at the annual event in April. On May 23d Mr. and Mrs. Peckham will celebrate the 65th anniversary of their marriage.

The Junior Chapter, Brotherhood of St. Andrew of Holy Cross Church whose 5th anniversary occurred on Monday, attended a Corporate Communion on Palm Sunday.

Mr. Arnold Smith has returned from Santa Barbara, California.

THE No'er-Do-Well

By
REX BEACH

Author of

"The Spoilers," "The Barrier,"
"The Silver Horde," Etc.

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CHAPTER XVII.

The Rest of the Family.

THE time for Senor Garavel's return having arrived, Kirk called at the bank and found not the least difficulty in gaining an audience.

"I remember you quite well, sir," said Garavel. "La Tosca. Since you are a friend of Mrs. Cortlandt I shall be delighted to serve you."

"I have something very particular to say to you," Kirk began diffidently, "but I don't just know how to get at it."

Garavel smiled graciously. "I am a business man."

"This isn't business," blurted Kirk. "It's much more important. I want to have it over as quickly as possible, so I'll be frank. I have met your daughter, Mr. Garavel—the banker's eyes widened in a look of disconcerting intensity—and I am in love with her—sort of a shock, isn't it? It was to me. I'd like to tell you who I am and anything else you may wish to know."

"My dear sir, you surprise me—if you are really serious. Why, you have seen her but once—a moment, at the theater."

"I met her before that night, out at your country place. I had been hunting—and on my way home through the woods I stumbled upon your swimming pool. She directed me to the pond."

"But even so?"

"Well, I loved her the first instant I saw her."

"I knew nothing of this. If you had reason to think that your suit would be acceptable, why did you not come to me before?"

"I couldn't. I didn't know your name. I was nearly crazy because I couldn't so much as learn the name of the girl I loved!" Kirk plunged suddenly into the story of his meeting with Chiquita.

"That is a strange tale," said Senor Garavel when he had finished. "If you would tell me something about yourself I might know better in what light to regard this affair."

"Gladly—though there isn't much to tell. Just now I'm working on the P. R. R. as assistant to Runnels—the master of transportation, you know. I like the work and expect to be promoted. I have a little money—just enough to give me a fresh start if I should lose out here, and—oh, well, I'm poor, but honest. I suppose that's about the size of it."

He paused, vaguely conscious that he had not done himself justice. "My father is a railroad man in Albany, N. Y."

"In what capacity is he employed?"

"May I ask?"

Kirk grinned at this, and, seeing a copy of Bradstreet's on the banker's table, turned to his father's name, which he pointed out rather shamefacedly. Senor Garavel became instantly less distant.

"Of course the financial world knows Darwin K. Anthony," said he. "Even the modest merchants of the tropics have heard of him, and that his son should seek to win success upon his own merits is greatly to his credit. I congratulate you, sir, upon your excellent progress."

"I ought to tell you, sir, that I am not on good terms with my father at present. In fact, he has cast me off. That is why I am here supporting myself by hard work, instead of living in idleness. But I'm beginning to like the work—and I'll make good—I'll do it if only to show my father this mistake. That's what I care about most. I don't want his money. It's easier to make money than I thought. But I must succeed, for his sake and my own."

"May I inquire the cause of this estrangement?"

"Oh, general worthlessness on my part, I suppose. Come to think of it, I must have been a good deal of a cross. I never did anything very fierce, though." He smiled a little sadly.

A quick light of thought flashed through the banker's eyes. He was a keen judge of men.

"Well, well," he said, with a trace of impatience, "there is no need to go into the matter further. Your proposal is impossible—for many reasons. It is impossible, and yet—your spirit is commendable."

"Does that mean you won't even allow me to see your daughter?"

"It would be useless."

"But I love Gertrudis," said Kirk, desperately.

Garavel looked a trifle pitying.

"You are by no means the first," he said; "I have been besieged by many who say always the same thing—without Gertrudis they cannot, they will not, they should not live. And yet I have heard of no deaths. Her marriage has been arranged."

"Do you think that is quite fair to her? If she loves Ramon Alvarez?"

Once again Garavel's brows showed surprise. "Ah, you know?"

"Yes, sir. I was about to say if she really loves him I can't make any difference. But suppose she should care for me?"

"Again it could make no difference. Once she had married Ramon. But she

is too young to know her own mind. Youth is headstrong and blinded by dreams; hence it is better that marriage should be arranged by older persons."

"Exactly. That's why I want you to arrange mine." The banker smiled in spite of himself, for he was not without a sense of humor, and the young man's sincerity was winning.

"It is out of the question," he said; "useless to discuss. Forgetting for the moment all other considerations, there is an obstacle to your marriage into a Spanish family which you do not stop to consider, one which might well prove insurmountable. I speak of religion."

"No trouble there, sir."

"You are then a Catholic?"

"It was my mother's faith, and I was brought up in it until she died. After that I sort of neglected it. You see, I am more of a Catholic than anything else."

"What we call a 'bad Catholic'?"

"Yes, sir. But if I were not it wouldn't make any difference. Chiquita is my religion."

"What?" The father started.

"I—I call her that," Kirk explained in confusion; "to myself, of course."

"Indeed! So do I," said Senor Garavel dryly. For a moment he frowned to meditation. There were many things to consider. He felt a certain sympathy for this young man, with his straightforwardness and artless brusquerie. Moreover, though the banker was no great respecter of persons, the mention of Darwin K. Anthony had impressed him. If Kirk were all that he seemed he had no doubt of the ultimate reconciliation of father and son. At all events it would do no harm to learn more of this extraordinary suit, and meanwhile he must treat him with respect while carefully guarding his own dignity against possibly impertinent advances.

"She has been promised to Ramon," he said, at last, "and I have considered her future quite settled. Of course, such arrangements are frequently altered for various causes, even at the last moment, but—who knows?" He shrugged his shoulders. "She may not wish to entertain your suit. So why discuss it? Why make plans or promises? It is a matter to be handled later."

"I met her before that night, out at your country place. I had been hunting—and on my way home through the woods I stumbled upon your swimming pool. She directed me to the pond."

"But even so?"

"Well, I loved her the first instant I saw her."

"I knew nothing of this. If you had reason to think that your suit would be acceptable, why did you not come to me before?"

"I couldn't. I didn't know your name. I was nearly crazy because I couldn't so much as learn the name of the girl I loved!" Kirk plunged suddenly into the story of his meeting with Chiquita.

"That is a strange tale," said Senor Garavel when he had finished. "If you would tell me something about yourself I might know better in what light to regard this affair."

"Gladly—though there isn't much to tell. Just now I'm working on the P. R. R. as assistant to Runnels—the master of transportation, you know. I like the work and expect to be promoted. I have a little money—just enough to give me a fresh start if I should lose out here, and—oh, well, I'm poor, but honest. I suppose that's about the size of it."

He paused, vaguely conscious that he had not done himself justice. "My father is a railroad man in Albany, N. Y."

"In what capacity is he employed?"

"May I ask?"

Kirk grinned at this, and, seeing a copy of Bradstreet's on the banker's table, turned to his father's name, which he pointed out rather shamefacedly. Senor Garavel became instantly less distant.

"Of course the financial world knows Darwin K. Anthony," said he. "Even the modest merchants of the tropics have heard of him, and that his son should seek to win success upon his own merits is greatly to his credit. I congratulate you, sir, upon your excellent progress."

"I ought to tell you, sir, that I am not on good terms with my father at present. In fact, he has cast me off. That is why I am here supporting myself by hard work, instead of living in idleness. But I'm beginning to like the work—and I'll make good—I'll do it if only to show my father this mistake. That's what I care about most. I don't want his money. It's easier to make money than I thought. But I must succeed, for his sake and my own."

"May I inquire the cause of this estrangement?"

"Oh, general worthlessness on my part, I suppose. Come to think of it, I must have been a good deal of a cross. I never did anything very fierce, though." He smiled a little sadly.

A quick light of thought flashed through the banker's eyes. He was a keen judge of men.

"Well, well," he said, with a trace of impatience, "there is no need to go into the matter further. Your proposal is impossible—for many reasons. It is impossible, and yet—your spirit is commendable."

"Does that mean you won't even allow me to see your daughter?"

"It would be useless."

"But I love Gertrudis," said Kirk, desperately.

Garavel looked a trifle pitying.

"You are by no means the first," he said; "I have been besieged by many who say always the same thing—without Gertrudis they cannot, they will not, they should not live. And yet I have heard of no deaths. Her marriage has been arranged."

"Do you think that is quite fair to her? If she loves Ramon Alvarez?"

Once again Garavel's brows showed surprise. "Ah, you know?"

"Yes, sir. I was about to say if she really loves him I can't make any difference. But suppose she should care for me?"

"Again it could make no difference. Once she had married Ramon. But she

is too young to know her own mind. Youth is headstrong and blinded by dreams; hence it is better that marriage should be arranged by older persons."

"Exactly. That's why I want you to arrange mine." The banker smiled in spite of himself, for he was not without a sense of humor, and the young man's sincerity was winning.

"It is out of the question," he said; "useless to discuss. Forgetting for the moment all other considerations, there is an obstacle to your marriage into a Spanish family which you do not stop to consider, one which might well prove insurmountable. I speak of religion."

"No trouble there, sir."

"You are then a Catholic?"

"It was my mother's faith, and I was brought up in it until she died. After that I sort of neglected it. You see, I am more of a Catholic than anything else."

"What we call a 'bad Catholic'?"

"Yes, sir. But if I were not it wouldn't make any difference. Chiquita is my religion."

"What?" The father started.

"I—I call her that," Kirk explained in confusion; "to myself, of course."

"Indeed! So do I," said Senor Garavel dryly. For a moment he frowned to meditation. There were many things to consider. He felt a certain sympathy for this young man, with his straightforwardness and artless brusquerie. Moreover, though the banker was no great respecter of persons, the mention of Darwin K. Anthony had impressed him. If Kirk were all that he seemed he had no doubt of the ultimate reconciliation of father and son. At all events it would do no harm to learn more of this extraordinary suit, and meanwhile he must treat him with respect while carefully guarding his own dignity against possibly impertinent advances.

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tom only a few months ago, preferring to work his way up, though he was offered a first rate position to begin with."

She would have said more, but just at that moment her husband entered. "You were saying that 'Alfarez was pecks,'" said Cortlandt, addressing Garavel. "Has he said anything?"

"Not to me as yet, but he surely must know. The rumors must have reached him. He is cold, and Ramon acts queerly. I feel guilty—almost as if I had betrayed a friend."

"Nonsense! When the time comes you will be called for. But it must be the voice of the people calling. Roca, Chiriqui, Colon—they must all demand Garavel." Cortlandt sighed. "I shall be very glad when it is over." He looked more pale, more bloodless, more world weary than ever.

"You need have no fear that it will cause serious trouble between you and the general," Mrs. Cortlandt assured Garavel. "Ramon should be able to effect peace, no matter what happens."

"Ah, I am not so sure that there will be a marriage between Gertrudis and him."

"Is she growing rebellious?" Cortlandt inquired. "If I were you, then, I wouldn't force her. A loveless marriage is a tragic thing."

His wife nodded her agreement. "Not exactly rebellious. She would do whatever I asked regardless of her own feelings, for that is the way we Spaniards bring up our daughters, but she is cold to Ramon, and he, I believe, is suspicious of my intentions toward his father. Therefore the situation is strained. With Gertrudis I cannot be overcautious, but unless it becomes necessary to make conditions with my old friend, Alfarez, I should prefer to let the girl have her own way."

It was about this time, perhaps two weeks after Kirk had replied to his father's letter, that Runnels called him in one day to ask:

"Do you know a man named Clifford?"

"No."

"He dropped in this morning, claiming to be a newspaper man from the States; wanted to know all about everything on the canal and—the usual thing. He didn't talk like a writer, though. I thought you might know him. He asked about you."

"No?" Kirk picked up his ears.

"I gathered the impression he was trying to pump me," Runnels eyed his subordinate absently. "I boosted you."

"Is he short and thick set?"

"No; tall and thin." As Kirk merely looked at him in a puzzled way, he continued: "I suppose we're all suspicious down here, there's so much of that sort of thing. If he has anything on you?"

"He got nothing on me."

"I'm glad of that. You're the best man I have, and that shakeup I told you about is coming off sooner than I expected. I'd hate to have anything happen to you. Do you think you could hold down your job?"

"What? Do you really mean it?"

"I do."

"It goes without saying that I'd like to be master of transportation, but not until you're through."

Well, the old man has had another row with Colonel Johnson and may not wait for his vacation to quit. I'm promised the vacancy."

"Then you have seen the colonel?"

"No, but I have seen Mrs. Cortlandt. I felt I had a right to ask something from her in return for what I did for you. I know that sounds rotten, but you'll understand how it is. Colonel Johnson wants his brother-in-law, Blakeley, to have the place, but I'm entitled to it, and she has promised to fix it for me. If I go up you go too. That's why I was worried when this Clifford party appeared."

"There is something, I suppose, I ought to tell you, although it doesn't amount to much. I was mixed up in a scrape the night I left New York. A plain clothes man happened to get his head under a falling bottle and nearly died from the effects."

"This Clifford party is stopping at the Hotel Central. Better look him over."

"I will," said Kirk, feeling more concerned than he cared to show, but his apprehension turned out to be quite unfounded. On inspection Clifford proved to bear no resemblance whatever to Williams, nor did he seem to have any concealed design. He was a good sort, apparently, with a knack of making himself agreeable, and in the weeks that followed he and Kirk became quite friendly. Meanwhile, no word had come from Senor Garavel, and Kirk was beginning to fret. But just as he had reached the limit of his patience he received a note which transported him with joy.

Senor Andres Garavel, he read, would be in the city on the following Tuesday evening, and would be pleased to have him call.

Even with his recent experiences of Spanish etiquette Kirk hardly realized the extent of the concession that had been made to him. He knew nothing of the tears, the pleadings and the spirited championship of his cause that had overborne the last parental objection. It was lucky for him that Chiquita was a spoiled child and Garavel a very Americanized Spaniard. However, as it was, he went nearly mad with delight and had hard work to refrain from shaving himself twice that Tuesday evening, so overcareful was he about his toilet, yet his excitement was as nothing compared to that of Allan, who looked on with admiration tempered by anxious criticism.

"It will be a grand wedding, sir," he exclaimed. "If Allan will be there for giving you away."

The residence of Senor Garavel is considered one of the show places of Panama. It is of Spanish architecture, built of brick and stucco and embellished with highly ornamental balconies. It stands upon a corner overlooking one of the several public squares, and is reached from the street by a stone wall crowned with a crenelated parapet. Discreetly opposite the main entrance, a small, white, tiled building, which served as a waiting place for the guests, stood with an image of

night its bright radiance illumined the darkness round about and lends the spot a certain beauty."

An Indian woman, clad in barbarous colors, her bare feet tucked in sandals, admitted him, and the banker himself met him in the hall. He led the way into a great barren parlor, where, to Kirk's embarrassment, he found quite a company gathered. His host formally presented him to them, one after another. There were Senor Pedro Garavel, a brother of Andres; Senor Garavel, his wife, who was fat and about of Kirk's age; two Misses Garavel, their daughters; then a little wrinkled, brown old lady in stiff black silk who spoke no English. Kirk gathered that she was somebody's aunt or grandmother. Last of all, Gertrudis came shyly forward and put her hand in his, then glided back to a seat behind the old lady. Just as they were seating themselves another member of the family appeared—this time a second cousin from Guatemala. Like the grandmother, he was as ignorant of English as Kirk was of Spanish, but he had a pair of frightfully intense black eyes with which he devoured the American.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A Challenge and a Confession.

IT was very trying to be the target of so many glances. Instead of resuming their conversation the entire assemblage of Garavels waited calmly for their caller to begin, and he realized in a panic that he was expected to make conversation. He cast about madly for a topic.

His host helped him to get started, and he did fairly well until one of the Misses Garavel began to translate his remarks to the old lady and the ferocious cousin from Guatemala. His replies were not rendered into English, he was left stranded. He knew that his whole salvation lay in properly impressing his auditors, so he began again and floundered through a painful monologue.

The night suddenly turned out awfully hot, perspiration began to trickle down his brow, his collar became a torment, and he cast appealing glances at the silent figure hidden demurely behind the rusty old lady in the black harness. The look of mingled pity and understanding she gave him somewhat revived his fainting spirit, and he determined to stick it out until the family were ready to retire and allow him a word with her alone. But the hope! Gradually it dawned upon him that they had no such intention.

By now his collar had given up the struggle and lain limply down to rest. The whole experience was hideous, yet he understood quite well that these people were not making sport of him. All this was only a part of their foreign customs. They were gentlefolk, respectful to a different code from his—that was all—and since he had elected to come among them he could only suffer and be strong.

What he ever talked about during that evening he never quite remembered. When it came time to leave he expected at least to be allowed a farewell word or two with Gertrudis, but instead he was bowed out as ceremoniously as he had been bowed in and, finding himself at last in the open, sighed with relief. He felt like a paroled prisoner, but he thought of the girl's glance of sympathy and was instantly consoled. He crossed slowly to the plaza, pausing a moment for a good night look at the house; then, as he turned, he caught a glimpse of a figure slipping into the shadows of the side street and, smiling indignantly, evidently Allan had been unable to resist the temptation to follow him. But when he had reached his quarters he was surprised to find the boy there ahead of him.

"How did you beat me home?" he inquired.

"I have been waiting impatiently ever since you went out. To be sure, I have had one little dream."

"Didn't you follow me to the Garavels'?"

"Oh, boss! Never would I do such." Seeing that the negro was honest, Kirk decided that somebody had been spying upon him, but the matter was of so little consequence that he dismissed it from his mind.

Although Runnels had spoken with confidence of the coming shakeup in the railroad organization, it was not without a certain surprise that he awoke one morning to find himself actively in charge of the entire system. He lost no time in sending for Kirk, who took the news of their joint advancement with characteristic equanimity.

"Now, there is nothing cinched yet, understand," the acting superintendent cautioned him. "We're all on probation, but if we make good I think we'll stick."

"I'll do my best to fill your shoes."

"And I have the inside track on Blakeley, in spite of Colonel Johnson, so I'm not alarmed. The break came sooner than I expected, and now that we chaps are in control it's the chance of our lifetimes."

Kirk nodded. "You're entitled to all you get, but I've never quite understood how I managed to forge ahead so fast. I've been mighty lucky."

"You don't really call it luck, do you?" Runnels looked at him curiously.

"I'm not conceited enough to think I'm a downright genius."

"Why, the Cortlandts engineered everything. It was they who arranged your promotion to the office in the first place, and they're behind this last affair. They have stood back of you at every step and, incidentally, back of me and the other boys."

"When you say 'they' you of course mean 'she.'"

"Of course. One has to recognize him, though, as the head of the family. And he really did have a part in it too. At least he had been against us as we never would have won."

"To like to show the Cortlandts that we appreciate what they've done, but we can't openly thank her without humiliating him. I'd like to give him something."

"Suppose we give him a quiet little supper some night and tell him frank-

ly how grateful we are. He's the sort to appreciate a thing like that, and it would be a delicate way of thanking his wife too."

"Good! I'll speak to the other fellows, and now the acting master of transportation is going to shake with the new acting superintendent and wish him every success."

Runnels grasped the outstretched hand.

"Say, Anthony," he said, "we're young and we have a start. I have what you lack, and you have what I lack. If we stick together, we'll own a railroad some day. Is it a go?"

"You bet!"

With a warm glow in his breast the new master of transportation plunged into his duties. No really was making a success. It seemed, although it was a bit disappointing to learn that he owed so much of it to Edith Cortlandt. But this last advancement, too, was very timely, for it would surely have its effect upon Andres Garavel.

But his new work brought new

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The Mercury.

Newport, R. I.

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Saturday, April 11, 1914.

The Providence Journal says the newspapers of the country are with the President in his attempt to make this nation buckle to Great Britain. We doubt it. The newspapers of the country outside of a few edited by foreigners are loyal and patriotic.

The usual reports come from all parts of the country this week. "Business shows no improvement. Thousands more people are being laid off." Official investigation shows that there are at least half a million unemployed in New York city alone.

If Speaker Clark had the post offices at his disposal the tolls might assume a different aspect.

Alas! How true, Wilson is a power with his party, because he is wise enough to deal out the patronage with slowness and precision.

The government now has over fifty suits pending against corporations under the Sherman anti-trust law. These corporations represent a capital of five billions of dollars. Is it any wonder that the business of the country is upset when that amount of capital is attacked? There is only one class of people to make anything out of these attacks and that is the lawyers. The amount of money spent by the government in this litigation is something enormous.

The President appears to have again put his foot in it, to use a vulgar expression. The district of Panama succeeded from the State of Columbia. We bought of Panama, after she seceded, the Canal zone, paying therefor ten millions of dollars. Now the President has negotiated a treaty with Columbia which appears humiliating to say the least. We apologize to that country for dealing with Panama and in addition agree to pay her twenty-five millions to soothe her wounded feelings. A more outrageous proceeding was never heard of.

The poor old President is being scorned on all sides in Mexico. President Huerta refuses to pay any attention to his requests, and now the rebel bandit, Gen. Villa, who has been the President's pet for a long time, flatly refuses to pay any attention to his request that the Spaniards in the rebel territory be decently treated. Can anything be more humiliating than this rebel action—unless possibly the action of the Spanish government appealing to Great Britain to protect her people in Mexico, knowing the futility of applying to the United States for protection?

The action of the house of representatives on Tuesday by passing a proposed constitutional amendment forbidding members of the General Assembly from holding other salaried positions in the state is very commendable. We fully approve of such an amendment and always have taken that position. We certainly hope the Senate will also pass the bill and thus pass it through the first stages to become the law of the state. Too often men go into the General Assembly as an aid to obtain a more lucrative position, and too often men remain in the General Assembly to add themselves in holding on to some salaried office. This dual office holding has been a damage to the Republican party in the state.

The Democrats in Rhode Island are not entirely happy. There are several offices to be filled, but the powers that be seem in no hurry to fill them. The latest berth in the State is that of collector of the Port of Providence. Judge Fitzsimmons has long had anxious eyes on that position. Congressman O'Shaunessy and Gerry are doing all they can for him, but National Committee-man Greene is out against him, so Treasurer McAdoo holds up the appointment. There are many other places, some of them still filled by Republicans, towards which anxious eyes are being cast by the faithful, and still the desired posts do not come. Like Petroleum V. Nasby of old looking for the Post Office at Confederate Cross roads, the would-be office holders could only look on and sigh. Perhaps down in their innermost hearts they say things that would not sound well in print.

The demand of England that we shall do what she pleases with our own is nothing less than impertinence. We built the Panama Canal, we paid for it and we own it. England cannot engage in our coast-wise trade, therefore it is none of her business what we do with our own. It has been the custom of Great Britain for many years to subsidize her shipping, hence her flag floats everywhere. The stars and stripes, by our unwise shipping laws, have been driven from the Ocean. Here was a slight attempt to bring the flag back and at the same time create some competition with the transatlantic railroads by granting free passage for American coasters through the Canal. England has absolutely no pecuniary interest in it whatever; it is purely local to this nation; yet she puts up a bluff. The lion begins to roar, and President Wilson hastens to get down.

NEWPORT HAPPENINGS OF THE PAST.

Snappy Items of Local Interest Taken from the Files of the Newport Mercury of One Hundred, Fifty and Twenty-five Years Ago.

Twenty-five Years Ago.

(From Newport Mercury, April 18, 1889.)
THE NEW MERCURY BUILDING.

The new Mercury Building is now nearly completed, though it will take two or three weeks yet to get everything finished. It is a three-story structure, the ground measurements being about 35 by 75 feet. The lower floor contains a space 18 by 60 feet, which will be divided into two rooms and occupied by McLennan Brothers, custom tailors. The Mercury is printed this week by a Sprague electric motor, furnished and set up by the Edison Company of this city. It is the first time electricity has ever been applied to running a newspaper in this city, and the Mercury is the first paper in the State to be printed by such power. The motor is a small and insignificant looking object as it stands on the floor, being not over a foot high by two feet broad. It has the power, however, and runs our heavy presses apparently without an effort on its part. It is started and stopped almost instantly and seems as docile as a pet lamb. Electricity is evidently the power of the future.

The Mercury is printed this week for the first time from its new office at 182 Thames street. Much of the week has been occupied in moving the establishment from the old quarters to the new, and in fact the work is not nearly completed yet. Hence this week's issue has been prepared and printed under great difficulties.

A CLOSE ELECTION.

This spring's election has proved one of the most closely contested in the history of the State, and the result shows that the two great parties, in Newport at least, are very evenly divided. The regular election, on the third instant, failed of a choice as did also the adjourned trial on the following Saturday, and at the third attempt on Tuesday last only three succeeded in securing a majority and that was very small. On the first two trials the Democrats led the Republicans by a few votes, but not enough to overcome the third party vote, which on the first number about 140 and on the second about 74. On the third and last trial the Republicans showed a marked gain, leading their Democratic adversaries throughout, but only for the first third and fourth representatives was that lead sufficient to elect, although but few votes were wanted to elect the whole ticket. This was the last trial that could be had however, and the present Senator and second and fifth representatives hold over, making the successful ticket for the coming year the same as for the past, which is Republican except in the case of Mr. D. E. Young, second representative, who is a Democrat.

Mr. Newton has decided to make his new block, at the corner of Thames and Pelham streets, of Ohio freestone and brownstone trimmings, and work will be begun as soon as the old building on Pelham street is cleared away. It will be one of the handsomest and most substantial business blocks in the city.

Free Tolls All Right.

Ex-President Taft can still be relied on to uphold the honor of the United States. Here is his letter on the free tolls bill and President Wilson's weak policy towards England:

"My Dear Sir—I have your letter of March 30. Whenever inquiry has been made to me I have not hesitated to say that I think the repeal of the free toll provision of the Canal bill is a mistake. I believe that it is wise to pass the exemption, as it is in the present law, and I think it unwise to repeal it. I don't think it is a breach of the treaty that we have made with England. If I did I should not have favored it. "I think the attitude of those who favor the repeal in attempting to put those who oppose it in the attitude of advocating a dishonorable thing is unfair. I stated my reasons for believing this exemption to be within our rights under the treaty in a memorandum which I attached to the Canal bill when I signed it and I have seen no reason to change my opinion since that time. "William H. Taft."

Too Exorbitant Price.

There is a strong attempt being made to sell Mount Hope Park, so called, in the town of Bristol, to the State for a reservation. Such a movement would be commendable were it not for the exorbitant price asked for the property. The Rhode Island Historical Society of Providence have taken strong grounds against the purchase chiefly on that account. At the meeting of the Society when this action was taken it was stated that the property is inaccessible, except for a long walk; that it is not valuable for farming and out of the way for summer homes; that it has failed as a summer resort and has also failed as a baseball park. It was contended that the property would not be worth \$10,000 for either a summer resort or a cottage colony.

The Balkan war is estimated to have cost Bulgaria \$548,000,000 in war expenses and territory ceded to Roumania; between 55,000 and 58,000 Bulgarians were killed. If Bulgaria had stopped the war when the Turks were captured she would have fared much better. As it is both Roumania and Greece got large slices from her territory.

John H. Hansen, well known in Newport, American shoe manufacturer, and a director of United Shoe Machinery Co., claims the European shoe manufacturers are invading American markets, and that both French and American tariffs help them. He will file protest against the French tariff at the American embassy in Paris.

The Pennsylvania Railroad has 89,313 stockholders, 42,971 of whom, or 48 per cent, were women. Practically one-third of the stockholders live in Pennsylvania, about 15,000 in New York, and 16,606 in New England, and 11,732 abroad.

MIDDLETOWN.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

ADJOURNED TOWN MEETING.—The annual town meeting having been adjourned from April 1 to April 4, on the last named date, the electors assembled at the Town Hall to complete the transaction of the business enumerated in the warrant. As compared with the meeting of the first instant, there was an increased attendance, and out of a total number of 263 qualified to vote on all questions 106 voted. The school-house proposition was the burning issue before the meeting and induced many to attend. The enlargement of the accommodations for school children has been before the town for nearly three years, and every proposition which has been submitted to the electors in reference to the subject has been rejected. The latest proposition which was voted on last Saturday, met the same fate.

To some the plan proposed for changing the Oliphant school-house was objectionable. Others thought the building planned to be erected on Green End avenue, was larger than the requirements of the case demanded, and called for too great expenditure of public money.

The proposition was rejected by a majority of 53, only 55 votes being cast in its favor, while there were 103 votes deposited in the negative.

The four highway propositions were adopted, all but one receiving large majorities.

The vote on these propositions ran as follows: Proposition No. 1, appropriating \$2000 for ordinary repairs, Yes, 133. No, 28. Majority for, 105.

Proposition No. 2, appropriating \$5000 for Stone Roads, Yes, 120. No, 38. Majority for, 82.

Proposition No. 3, appropriating \$900 for road oil, Yes, 127. No, 32. Majority for, 95.

Proposition No. 4, appropriating \$1500 for the extension and layout of North Aquidneck avenue, Yes, 90. No, 70. Majority for, 20.

There was a strong sentiment in favor of increasing salaries. The salary of the Superintendent of Schools is determined by the Public School Committee but a resolution was passed recommending that the superintendent be paid a salary of \$250.

Other salaries were voted as follows: To the Town Treasurer \$250; Collector of Taxes, \$200; Clerk of Public School Committee, \$25; to each member of the Public School Committee, \$25; to the members of the Town Council, \$3 each for every session held, for transacting business of the town.

The list of appropriations included the following: For the support of Public Schools, \$5500; for continuing litigation to determine public rights in Sachuest Neck, \$1000; for stone roads, \$5000; for ordinary repair of highways, \$2000; for oil for application to road beds, \$900; for the extension and layout of North Aquidneck avenue, \$1500; for care of Middletown Cemetery, \$400. Total, \$16,300.

The Town Treasurer was authorized to hire money on the credit of the town, to an amount not exceeding \$55,000, including the \$25,000 already hired.

An attempt was made to increase the tax rate. Alden P. Barker moved that the rate be 80 cts. on each \$100 of taxable estate. This motion was lost by only two votes. The rate was finally made 75 cts., the same as in April, 1913. The town tax and poll tax were directed to be paid into the town treasury by the first Monday of December.

The committee having charge of the pending litigation for determining public rights in Sachuest Neck presented a report giving an account in detail of the travel of the case, since April, 1913. The report was received and ordered on file.

It was voted to pay the assessment of \$313.02, imposed upon the town by the State Board of Public Roads, being ten percent of the cost of reconstructing the "Little Bridge" so-called in the town of Portsmouth, across a State highway. The Town Clerk was directed to draw an order on the Town Treasury for the amount of the assessment, payable to the General Treasurer.

TOWN COUNCIL MEETING HELD.—The Town Council made a new departure this year, and instead of waiting for the regular meeting day on the third Monday of the month, a meeting was held at the Town Hall on Monday afternoon the sixth instant, and an organization was made for the new municipal year, the members-elect having been first sworn by the Town Clerk.

Lewis R. Manchester was chosen President. The highways claimed the first and principal attention of the Council. They were divided into four districts, the boundaries being altered to some extent. \$900 was apportioned to each District for ordinary repairs and \$500 for the repair of the stone roads. The rates of compensation were made \$2 per day for laborers, \$3 for double teams and \$1.50 for single teams, and nine hours to constitute a day.

For advisory committee, the following were appointed, District No. 1, James R. Chase, 2d; No. 2, David A. Brown; No. 3, Robert W. Smith; No. 4, Joseph E. Kline.

Lewis R. Manchester was appointed a committee to attend to the purchase and application of oil to the road beds. The Newport and Fall River Street Railway Company, on its petition, was granted permission to locate two poles on the Boulevard, near Fenner avenue, under the direction of David A. Brown.

The American Telephone and Telegraph Company, on its petition, was granted permission to trim the trees on the West Main Road that interfere with the operation of its line. Trimming to be done under the direction of William H. Sisson.

David A. Brown was appointed a committee to have charge of the property on the Town House Lot and to attend to the leasing of the Town Hall. He was also charged with the care of the pump in the spring in Green End avenue, near Paradise avenue.

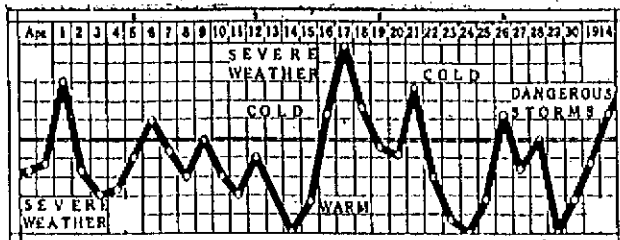
Joseph E. Kline was made Overseer of the Spring in Third Beach Road. Joseph E. Kline and David A. Brown were appointed a committee to obtain prices for furnishing crushed stone.

Joseph E. Kline and Robert W. Smith were appointed a committee to confer with Isaac S. Hazard, in regard to extending North Aquidneck avenue across his land to the East Main Road and his claim for land damages.

The Town Clerk was directed to give bond to the Town Treasurer in the sum of \$500, and the Town Treasurer was directed to give bond to the town in the sum of \$50,000.

The following accounts were allowed and ordered paid from the town treasury: Clifton B. Ward, for services as

WEATHER BULLETIN.



In vicinity of the Mexican gulf rainfall will be about normal for April; elsewhere below normal. Temperatures will be above normal along and north of latitude 40; about or below normal south of that line. Generally good crop-weather will prevail, favorable to farm work. Disastrous storms are expected. See weekly bulletins. First part of month will be unusually warm; then temperatures will go gradually down until middle of month. Not far from middle of month a great high temperature wave will cross continent following which temperatures will go gradually down to end of month.

Temple line represents normal temperatures. Where the temperature line goes above this normal line indicates warmer and where it goes below indicates cooler than usual. Temperature line dates are for Meridian 90. Count one to three days earlier for west of that line and as much later for east of it in proportion to the distance from that line which runs north and south through St. Louis.

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Washington, D. C. April 11, 1914.

Last bulletin gave forecasts of disturbances to cross continent April 10 to 14 and 16 to 19, warm waves 9 to 13 and 14 to 18, cool waves 12 to 16 and 17 to 21. Low temperatures will prevail during first part of this 10 day weather period and unusually warm during the last days of it. Severe weather will be the rule for the whole period and all weather features will go to greater intensities than the usual averages.

Dangerous storms are expected. Our forecasts of the storm forces are usually good. The U. S. Weather Bureau usually displays the storm signals on the dates for which these bulletins have long before predicted dangerous storms. Of course the U. S. Weather Bureau storm signals mean dangerous storms. Our readers should keep tab on us and when we predict dangerous storms watch for the U. S. Weather Bureau danger signals. These severe storms are expected from April 12 to 19, not far from April 15.

Next disturbance will reach Pacific coast about April 18, cross Pacific slope by close of 20, great central valleys 21 to 23, eastern sections 24. Warm wave will cross Pacific slope about April 19, great central valleys 21, eastern sections 23. Cool wave will cross Pacific slope about April 22, great central valleys 24, eastern sections 26.

This will bring a cold wave and frosts in northern sections, rains about the Mexican gulf and northeastward and decreasing rains in the northern east of Rockies plains sections. Probabilities favor more rain in northeastern than in middle northwestern sections and the greatest rains in the Mexican gulf sections.

Probabilities are that the results of April crop-weather will average fair, the defects being in too much rain near the Mexican gulf and not enough in the middle northwest. Elsewhere prospects are good.

The greatest storms of 1911 are ex-

pected near April 30. The causes will be nearly the same as those that brought the disastrous storms last part of March 1913. The central force that caused those great storms was Jupiter. That planet reached the zenith of its power March 24, 1913 and it will again reach the zenith of its great power April 29, 1914. But the location of its electric darts on the earth, the places where its lightning-like forces will hit the earth, depends on the relative positions of sun, moon and other planets and therefore to locate those dangerous storms is exceedingly difficult.

But it is a matter of great importance to know when to expect those disastrous storms and we do not hesitate to approximately forecast the date. The U. S. Weather Bureau will hang out its danger signals during the five days centering on April 29, 1914 and all are warned to be on the alert for bad weather events during that period.

The great error of our scientists, the reason why they have been so slow in understanding the laws of the universe, lies in their theory of the solar system. A few hundred years ago they taught that our little earth is the center of the universe and in reference to everything that has a bearing on our weather changes they, in effect, hold to those same old dark ages theories. If our present day orthodox scientists were free from those blighting superstitions they would see that Jupiter is the King of the solar system, that sun and planets are growing electro-magnetic centers, that the conservation of energy is a law, that, instead, all motion and through motion all life, comes from the matter of space, the ether of space, moving toward the growing heavenly bodies, moving toward them because they, the accumulating, heavenly bodies, absorb the ether or matter of space near them, causing vacuums that must be filled up by the ether either moving toward those growing heavenly bodies.

The following town officers were appointed:

Auctioneer—Edward E. Peckham. Surveyors of Highways—District No. 1, William H. Sisson, No. 2, Walter S. Barker, No. 3, Julian F. Peckham, No. 4, Joseph A. Peckham.

Town Sealer—Fillmore Coggeshall, Jr.

Pound Keeper—Arthur A. Brigham. Weighers of Neat Cattle—George R. Chase and Weston S. Peckham.

Public Weighers—Dennis J. Murphy, Edward J. Peckham and William S. Coggeshall.

Appraisors of Damages done by Dogs—Samuel Chambers, Charles H. Sisson and Henry I. Chase, Jr.

Inspector of Petroleum—Charles H. Carr.

Commissioner of Wrecks—Restcom E. Peabody.

Police Constables—James Bloomfield, James A. Taber, Arthur A. Brigham, Cornelius Sullivan, William H. Sisson, Walter S. Barker, Julian F. Peckham, Joseph A. Peckham and Fillmore Coggeshall, Jr.

Special Bird Constables—Charles H. Sisson, Daniel A. Peckham and Henry I. Chase, Jr.

Special Tramp Constables—Arthur A. Brigham, Cornelius Sullivan, Fillmore Coggeshall, Jr., and James A. Taber.

Special Liquor Constable—Reuben Wallace Peckham.

Health Officer—Passed.

Officer to take charge of Burial of Veteran Soldiers and Sailors—Charles Peckham.

Forest Warden—James E. Wilson.

Inspector of Beef and Pork—Harvey F. Copeland.

Coroner—Benjamin W. H. Peckham.

General Assembly.

The Legislature was in session for only three days this week, adjourning over Good Friday. This will carry the January session into an extra week any way, and it is possible that it may overrun the allotted sixty days by even more than a week.

The Senate on Wednesday had a lively contest over a proposed amendment to the liquor law, requiring the saloons to close on Good Friday. Some of the members wished to rush the bill through so that it could be effective this year, but the necessary number to suspend the rules could not be mustered and the bill went to the calendar.

The House is still encountering long calendars and is obliged to leave off each day with much business unfinished. The approach to the end of the session sees considerable unloading of committee files and next week will see a great deal more.

The act to allow the city of Newport to grant four additional liquor licenses for summer places has been introduced by Representative Levy and is now in the hands of the House committee on special legislation.

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FOR PROTECTION OF FOREIGNERS

Admiral Mayo Lands American Marines at Tampico

SHELLS HIT GREAT OIL PLANTS

Town Reported Enveloped in Flames From Burning Tanks—Villal's Men Badly Beaten by Federal's at San Pedro—Staggering Back to Torreon With Victims of Machine Guns

United States marines were landed at Tampico, Mex., by Admiral Mayo to protect foreigners, and the Mexican gunboats were ordered by the admiral to cease bombarding the town in an effort to stop the destruction of the immense foreign oil plants in and around the city.

The American consulate received word from the consular agent at Tuxpan that grave rumors are current there that Tampico has fallen. While there is no confirmation of this it is known that there has been serious fighting between the federals and rebels around that port.

Other reports from Tampico said that the Mexican gunboats were successfully defending the town, but are doing much damage by bad marksmanship. The Waters-Pierce Oil storage tank at Arbol Grande was set on fire, and many other tanks were hit, large quantities of oil flowing into the river. The losses to foreigners will be in the millions.

Many shells from the Mexican warships Vera Cruz and Zaragoza have fallen near the American war vessels in the river.

The gunboat Bravo is preparing to sail from Vera Cruz to Tampico with 200 troops and ammunition, which have been urgently requested by the Tampico garrison.

The warehouse of the Agulla Oil company was destroyed in the fighting at Tampico. It caught fire from the shells of the Zaragoza. The loss is estimated at \$100,000.

Tampico is reported to be enveloped in smoke from the burning oil tanks. General Maas, the commander of Vera Cruz, has received an urgent call for the Bravo and ammunition.

REBEL FORCES BEATEN

Federals' Machine Guns Deal Death to Villal's Men at San Pedro

News of an important rebel defeat at San Pedro, about forty miles northeast of Torreon, was brought to El Paso, Tex., by newspaper men, who were not allowed to send the news from the rebel camp.

Before the correspondents left Torreon the defeated rebel column with its wounded staggered back to Torreon.

It was also said at Torreon that General Velasco, who evacuated that city, had succeeded in joining the federal general, Garcia Hidalgo, at Saltillo. Hidalgo, with 7000 men, had started to reinforce Velasco at Torreon, but was delayed. The combined forces at Saltillo therefore number about 12,000 if the Hidalgo report proves correct.

Villal sent only a brigade under General Ortega against San Pedro. The defeated column returned severely punished, it is said. The federal rapid-fire, sweeping the level plain, worked havoc among them.

Night attacks by Ortega failed to dislodge the enemy, and Ortega returned with the explanation that he found the federals in an unexpected force.

HOUSE PASSES CAT BILL

Means Death For Unlicensed Felines in the Bay State

The bill to license cats went through the Massachusetts house. This is the first victory ever won by the cat bill, although it has been in the legislature for many years.

The cat bill had been killed, but reconsideration prevailed. The bill was then substituted by a vote of 79 to 41.

The bill provides that all unlicensed cats may be killed. But a farmer may have one unlicensed cat. The bill is favored for the protection of song birds.

FOUR-YEAR-OLD "GHOST"

He Strays Into an Empty Tenement and Scares the Neighbors

Ghost stories woven about mysterious noises heard in a supposed "haunted tenement" at Pawtucket, R. I., were dispelled when it became known that Dominic Yazukiewicz, 4 years old, who had been missing two days, had been found in the apartment in a half-starved condition.

The lad had strayed from his home and had sought shelter in the empty apartment, where he remained, without food or drink.

OPERATION IS SUCCESSFUL

King of Sweden's Condition Is Reported to Be Satisfactory

A bulletin from the bedside of King Gustave of Sweden, who was operated on for ulceration of the stomach, said:

"The king slept several hours and then experienced the usual discomforts following an operation. His temperature is 99.9 and his condition is as satisfactory as possible."

Unhurt by Five Story Fall

Michael Wilkowsky, 6 years old, lost his balance while playing on the roof of a five-story building at New Haven, Conn., turned over several times during his fall and landed unhurt on a mattress. Physicians failed to detect a bruise.

MANY ELECTIONS OF GREAT INTEREST

Results of Contests in Boston, Chicago and Other Places

James A. Galivan, Democratic candidate for congress to succeed mayor Curley of Boston, was elected by a large plurality over both the Progressive candidate, Connelly, and the Republican candidate, Brier.

In the seventh New Jersey district Dow H. Brakker, a Republican, was elected to the seat made vacant by the death of Robert L. Brummer, Democrat, by a large plurality over O'Tyner, the Democratic candidate endorsed by President Wilson.

In the Chicago aldermanic election—the first at which women voted—the women candidates for the nine places on the board were overwhelmingly defeated. Miss Marion Drake, who made a spectacular campaign against "Bathhouse" John Coughlin in the first ward, was defeated four to one. Her campaign managers filed charges of serious irregularities in voting with the election commissioner.

Oscar W. Underwood won the senatorial nomination over Richmond P. Hobson in the Alabama Democratic primary by approximately 26,000 majority.

DEATH COMES SUDDENLY

Dowager Empress of Japan Succumbs to Bright's Disease

Dowager Empress Haruko of Japan died suddenly at the imperial villa at Namazu.

The patient had developed deceptive symptoms. She displayed increased vigor and asked for food. A short time afterward she became unconscious. Doctors applied restoratives but without avail, and she died without recovering sensibility.

The dowager empress had been suffering for a considerable period from angina pectoris, but the official diagnosis declared the direct cause of her death to be Bright's disease. She was 64 years old. Her husband, Emperor Meiji, died July 30, 1912.

LINEMEN SHOCKED

One Is Killed and One Revives While in Undertaker's Rooms

David Moran, a lineman, was instantly killed near Southport, Conn., while working on an extension of the New Haven road's electrification system.

In Portland, a short time afterward, Carl Lundell of Silver Lane got a dose of 2300 volts through his body and some time later, when his body had been taken to an undertaker's rooms for an examination, he revived, sat up and soon afterward walked home.

His fellow workmen were so overcome by the afternoon's rapid developments that they quit for the day.

POSTED AS LOST

Southern Cross and Her 173 Seafarers Met a Watery Grave

The final chapter in the greatest disaster the Newfoundland sealing fleet has ever suffered was written when the steamer Southern Cross was officially posted at St. John's as lost with all on board, 173 men.

With this action by the marine officials the total loss of life by the blizzard that struck the fleet March 21 was placed at 250. Seventy-seven members of the crew of the sealer Newfoundland were also lost.

More than 1000 persons have been made destitute by the loss of fathers, brothers and sons in the disaster.

GENERAL NEWS EVENTS

Pierre Sales, popular French author of stories of romance and adventure, died at Paris, aged 60.

Smoking in bed, Louis Gelder of Haverstraw, N. Y., set fire to the mattress and burned up his savings, \$248 in currency.

State surgeons in conference at Cincinnati were told by Dr. Martin Fisher that humans may live with but half a kidney working.

The honor system among Texas convicts has worked so well that Governor Colquitt paid in person the wages of fifty, the pioneer band in the system who work unguarded on roads.

Irvington, N. Y., adopted the commission form of government at a special election.

Production and delivery of beer manufactured by Detroit breweries was practically stopped by a strike of 1200 brewery employes.

Edward Marston, a noted writer of books on fishing and kindred subjects, died at London, aged 89.

Fire which destroyed an entire city block in the heart of the business district of Decatur, Ill., caused a loss of \$750,000.

During the first year of its existence, the British board of film censors examined 1444 miles of films, representing 7433 subjects.

The widow of Thomas H. Huxley, the English biologist, died at Eastbourne, Eng. Her husband died in 1895.

Professor Sonnenberg, Germany's greatest appendicitis expert, sailed for New York to attend the international surgical congress.

After he had admonished his three daughters for buying too much Easter candy, William Weiz of New York committed suicide by shooting.

President Wilson nominated J. L. Markham to be postmaster at Ayer, Mass., and Daniel M. O'Brien at Rockland, Mass.

Hudson L. Hall, 65, a member of the grand jury, died suddenly in the corridor of the Suffolk county courthouse at Boston. Heart disease was the probable cause.

DANIELS ISSUES DRASTIC ORDER

Absolute Prohibition In the Navy After July First

"WINE MESS" IS ABOLISHED

Every Ship and Shore Station Affected by Rule Which Overturns Customs of Many Years—Secretary's Decision Follows Report and Recommendation of Surgeon General

Absolute prohibition will prevail in the United States navy after July 1 next. Secretary Daniels made public a sweeping order which not only will abolish the traditional "wine mess" of the officers, but will bar all alcoholic liquors from every ship and shore station of the navy.

"This order, constituting one of the most notable victories ever won by the prohibition forces, was issued upon the recommendation of Surgeon General Husted. It was brief and to the point.

"The use or introduction for drinking purposes of alcoholic liquors on board any naval vessel, or within any navy yard or station, is strictly prohibited, and commanding officers will be held directly responsible for the enforcement of this order."

In a statement publicly issued Daniels said:

"I am in hearty agreement with the views expressed by the surgeon general in his paper accompanying the recommendation. There should not be on shipboard, with reference to intoxicants, one rule for officers and another and a different rule for the enlisted personnel.

"The saddest hour in my official life is when an officer or enlisted man must be punished for intoxication. During the past week it has been my painful duty to approve a court martial for dismissal from the service of an officer for intoxication. He told me that he had never tasted intoxicating drink until he did so in the wine mess on his cruises. Others, who have been disciplined for drinking in excess, have made similar statements to me."

The new order will replace that section of the naval instructions which permits the formation of wine messes.

While admitting that the old regulation conforms to the letter of the laws, Daniels declared: "It may be an open question how far it fulfills these laws in spirit." Reviewing legislation on the subject he observed:

"As matters stand today an enlisted man is, very properly, subjected to severe disciplinary measures if wine or beer be found in his possession on shipboard, yet the same man is constantly aware of the free use of alcoholic liquors on board ship which is officially permitted to officers, and the too-frequent derelictions which occur among them in consequence. The prohibition of alcohol to the men has rendered alcoholism among them almost a negligible quantity.

"Surely the officers should be in all respects models for the enlisted men in duty, habits and deportment, and the example of officers drinking aboard ship, as fostered by the wine mess, and the numerous courts martial of officers for drunkenness and the effects of alcohol, are destructive of discipline and morals, bad for the enlisted men, and detrimental to the reputation and good name of the service. The navy is comparable in many respects to a great business organization, but no efficient corporation in civil life would tolerate such a condition of affairs."

WALKOVER FOR ASQUITH

No Opposition to the Return of Premier to Parliament

Premier Asquith, who resigned from the British house of commons in order to make his acceptance of the portfolio of the secretary of war legal, was returned to parliament unopposed, from his constituency in East Fife, Scot.

Asquith has represented this district in commons since 1885. The unopposed return of the premier has greatly strengthened the position of the Liberal ministry, and the fight for home rule for Ireland is once more in the hands of the prime minister. Asquith will assume the leadership of the fight in person in commons.

CY WARMAN IS DEAD

Newspaper Man Wrote Stories and Rhymes of the Rail

Cy Warman, poet and short-story writer, died at Chicago from paralysis. Warman was connected with the publicity department of the Grand Trunk Pacific railroad of late years.

Warman was known as the "Poet of the Rockies," and was a pioneer in the school of railroad literature.

After he became a newspaper reporter and writer he was married to Miss Marie M. Jones, who inspired the lines for "Sweet Marie," a song which became a great success.

Warman was born in 1855 near Greenup, Ill., on a homestead pre-divorce made absolute.

Mrs. George Cornwallis West resumes Name of Lady Churchill. The decree of divorce granted to Mrs. George Cornwallis West, formerly Lady Randolph Churchill, and a daughter of the late Leonard Jerome of New York, was made absolute by the divorce court at London.

The grounds were statutory, desertion and misconduct. Mrs. Cornwallis West will in future be known as Lady Randolph Churchill.

A few hours after the divorce had been pronounced absolute George Cornwallis West married Mrs. Patrick Campbell, the actress.

PARALYSIS ENDS DRAPER'S LIFE

Ex-Governor of Massachusetts Dies in South Carolina

HE WAS ON HIS WAY HOME

Amassed Fortune as Manufacturer of Textile Machinery and Had Long Been Active in Politics, Serving Two Terms as State's Chief Executive—Family at His Deathbed

Eben S. Draper, former governor of Massachusetts, died at Greenville, S. C. He was stricken with paralysis Tuesday. He was 56 years old, and a prominent manufacturer of textile machinery in New England, the paralytic stroke.

The condition of Draper had been serious from the time of the attack. His entire left side was affected by the paralytic stroke. In addition to physicians here and from Atlanta, who were called on the case, two doctors from Boston were summoned.

Draper was stricken at a hotel only a few hours after his arrival on his way home from a trip to Florida and Cuba. As soon as his condition was noted by the physicians telegrams were sent to members of his family in Massachusetts, summoning them to his bedside. They arrived before his death.



EBEN S. DRAPER

Eben Sumner Draper was a man of many qualities. Born in that part of Milford now known as Hopedale, on June 17, 1858, he went first to the public schools, then to Allen's school at West Newton, and at 16 took the mechanical engineering course at the institute of technology to fit himself for the business of a manufacturer and seller of cotton mill machinery.

He was graduated from the institute in 1880, and then spent three years in the hardest kind of toil in the machine shops of his father at Hopedale, that he might learn at first hand about the product he was to sell.

Later he entered several cotton mills of the New England textile centres, studying every phase of the business. In all he put in three years learning the practical end of the industry which was to be his life work, and with the knowledge thus acquired he became selling agent for the several Hopedale concerns in introducing new machinery.

During the early part of his life Mr. Draper confined his interests solely to business and it was not until 1892 that he became a conspicuous figure in the political life of the state.

In 1892 he was chosen chairman of the Republican state committee. He went as a delegate from Massachusetts in 1896 to the Republican national convention at St. Louis. Four years later he was Republican presidential elector for the Eleventh congressional district.

In 1905 the Republican state convention unanimously nominated him for lieutenant governor and he was elected and was inaugurated in January, 1906. He was twice re-elected.

In 1908 he was nominated for governor and was elected. He served two terms—1909 and 1910. He ran for a third term but was defeated by Eugene H. Foss, the Democratic candidate.

Draper always had large business interests under his care. Despite his many business and political interests, however, he always devoted much time to his home life. He was married in 1883 to Miss Nannie Bristol, the daughter of General Bristol of Kentucky, secretary of the treasury in the cabinet of President Grant and a candidate for president against Rutherford B. Hayes in 1876.

Draper's chief recreations were golf and yachting. His stables were noted, and he kept many thoroughbreds. Draper's wife died suddenly from heart disease Sept. 24, 1913. From that time on the ex-governor failed rapidly, never reconciling himself to his loss.

A Unitarian in religion, Draper was some years ago elected vice president of the American Unitarian association. He was a member of several prominent clubs.

Echo of Glover Murder Trial. Samuel D. Elmore brought suit at Cambridge, Mass., against Mrs. Lillian M. Glover for \$2000. He charges she owes him \$1,073.02 for his expenses during the Glover murder trial.

Municipal Fuel Plan Is Legal. The constitutionality of the statute empowering any city or town to maintain permanently a yard for the purpose of selling fuel at cost to its inhabitants was upheld in a recent handed down from the supreme court of Maine.

IT IS SURPRISING

How rapidly idle money shrinks. Besides it is risky to keep in the house or on your person an amount of money for which you have no immediate need.

Why not come in and learn how to obtain a TIME CERTIFICATE which is convertible into cash quickly and yet if held until maturity will earn you a dividend.

NEWPORT TRUST COMPANY,

NEWPORT, RHODE ISLAND.

Chafing Dishes

With an ALCOHOL LAMP With ELECTRICITY

you must fill the lamp, adjust the wick, strike a match, and be very careful not to spill alcohol on the table top.

you insert the plug and turn the switch. When this is done you can devote all your attention to the recipe.

We have the ELECTRIC kind, made by the General Electric Co. Ask us about them today.

BAY STATE STREET RAILWAY COMPANY.

Why not see US about it?

If you are contemplating any work along publicity lines—Catalogs, Pamphlets, Booklets, Circular Work

we are prepared to do it for you and do it well. We have a complete and up-to-date Printing Office. This plant is in charge of expert and experienced men—men who are instructed under no circumstances to produce anything but the best work possible. We work in all processes in which ink and paper are combined. We write and edit copy—We can serve you and and serve you well.

Why not see US about it?

We can do any work that can be done in any Printing Office in the United States.

Mercury Publishing Company.

182 THAMES STREET,
NEWPORT, R. I.

Mr. Wright went to the telephone, and called up Mr. Reed.
"Hello, Reed; this is Wright," he said.
"Where's Rithmetick?" the office boy asked the stenographer in subdued tones.—Indianapolis News.

DANDRUFF AND FALLING HAIR Prevented by

Treatment with CUTICURA SOAP

And Cuticura Ointment. Directions: Make a lathering and rub gently with Cuticura Ointment. Continue until whole scalp has been gone over. Next morning shampoo with Cuticura Soap. Shampoo alone may be used as often as agreeable, but once or twice a month is generally sufficient for this special treatment for women's hair.

Official Board and General Staff of the U. S. Army. Cuticura Soap and Ointment sold everywhere. Write for free literature. Address: J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass., U. S. A.

Notice Automobilists

Commencing June 1st, the office of the State Board of Public Roads, Automobile Department, State House, Providence, R. I., will be open for business between the hours of 9 a. m. and 3 p. m., Saturdays excepted, until further notice.

STATE BOARD OF PUBLIC ROADS

AUTOMOBILE DEPARTMENT.
GEORGE R. WELLINGTON, Secy.

SITUATION WANTED by a lady. (Pri- vate place.) First class position in a family. Five years in Rhode Island. Age 34, married one child. Assistant, twenty years experience. Fruit and flowers, berry and vegetable. Vegetables etc. Address: S. W. S. Box 179, Pawtucket, R. I.

Enoch, the Egg King.

A tall, gaunt young man entered the office of the Globe Museum and Family Theatre and asked for the manager.

"What can I do for you?" inquired a judgey man in a checked suit.

"I want an engagement as a freak in the circus hall."

"Who are you?"

"I am Enoch, the Egg King."

"What is your specialty?"

"I eat three dozen hens egg, two dozen ducks eggs, and one dozen goose eggs at a single sitting."

"I suppose you know our policy."

"What's that?"

"We give four shows every day."

"I understand that."

"And do you think you can do it?"

"I know I can."

"On Saturdays we often as many as six shows."

"All right."

"And on some holidays we give a performance every hour."

"In that case," he finally said, "I must have one thing understood before I sign a contract."

"What's that?" asked the manager.

"No matter how rushing business is at the museum," the Egg King replied, "you gotta gimme time enough to eat my regular meals at the hotel."

—Lippincott's.

Know Him Well.

It was a contested will case, and one of the witnesses in the course of giving his evidence, described the testator minutely.

"Now, sir," said the counsel for the defense, "I suppose we may take it from the flattering description you have given of the testator his good points and his personal appearance generally, that you were intimately acquainted with him?"

"Him?" exclaimed the witness. "He was no acquaintance of mine!"

"Indeed! Well, then, you must have observed him very carefully whenever you saw him?" pursued counsel.

"I never saw him in my life," was the reply.

"This, perjury, as counsel thought it was too much, and he said: 'Now, now, don't trifle with the court, please! How I ask you, could you in the name of goodness, describe him so minutely if you never saw him or never knew him?'"

"Well," replied the witness, and the smile which overspread his features extended to the faces of those in court, "you see, I married his widow." — Tit-Bits.

An Humble Joker

"Humphrey Ward, the husband of the well-known novelist, likes to joke about his nonentity."

The speaker was a New York magazine editor.

"Humphrey Ward, they tell me," the editor went on, "once entered his wife's study while she was out and glanced over the manuscript upon her writing desk."

"He read the sentence, 'She swept the room with a bright, fresh glance,' and, taking up her pencil, he wrote on the margin of the page, 'If she would only sweep the room with a bright, fresh broom!'"

"Reading on he came to 'She touched a button and a footman appeared.' His marginal note to this was, 'Alas, she will never touch a button!'"

"And now he came upon the sentence, 'She decided to mend her ways.' And again, he wrote, 'Hopeless. She'll never mend anything.'" — Washington Star.

Deadly Venom of the Cobra.

A full sized cobra is able to eject enough venom at a single full and complete bite to kill about twenty men. The Indian cobra yields as much as twenty drops, and Dr. Hanna mentions having obtained as much as twenty-eight drops.

In experiments with the venom of the cobra F. W. Fitzsimons, an expert, found that one drop diluted in a little water and injected into the tissues of the leg of a large monkey killed it in half an hour's time. A fraction of a drop was sufficient to kill a rat and a fowl within an hour. Judging from the effects of cobra venom on the higher animals, Mr. Fitzsimons considers that one full drop is a fatal dose for a strong, healthy man. — Westminster Gazette.

Little Too Much.

Conversation of a couple of newly weds:

"My dear, you are very precious to me."

"I'm so glad, honey, that you still love me. Do you know, I have sometimes been afraid I might be a burden to you—that I was not worth all I have cost you."

"Never let such a thought as that bother you again, little girl. You are worth far more than you have ever cost me. You are worth your weight in strictly fresh eggs."

"There! Now you are exaggerating again, and you know how I hate exaggeration." — Chicago Record-Herald.

Quite True, Too, Sir.

"Where are you going?" inquired Mrs. B., as Mr. B. left his seat directly the curtain fell.

"I think I hear an alarm of fire," he replied, solicitously, "and I must go and see about it."

Ten minutes later he returned. "It was not fire," he said briefly.

"And it was not water," she sniffed significantly. — Tit-Bits.

It Might Be Advisable.

"Now that you have agreed to marry me, dearest, I presume I had better ask your father's consent."

"You may as well ask me, but it isn't at all necessary, I am in the habit of doing exactly as I please."

"O, in that case, perhaps I'd better consult your father about the advisability of not marrying you then." — Detroit Free Press.

A Thoughtful Parent

He—I have your permission to call this evening.

She—I shall be very pleased, but don't forget that father switches off the light at 10 o'clock.

He—That's kind of him. I'll be there promptly at 10—Judge.

Against Suffragette Attack.—Tourist (in London).—It certainly took a bunch of bobbies to arrest that silk hatted guy! What did he do?

Caddy—W'y, that bleedin' blighter hain't pinched; e's a hementist statesmen goin' to luncheon!—Judge.

OUR GLOBE'S HEAT

In Time, Science Figures, It Will Melt the Planet.

THE PART RADIUM MAY PLAY.

This Mysterious Element, According to Some Theorists, Is Apt to Be the Potent Factor in Bringing Our World to Its Propheesied Fiery End.

No man expects to see the end of the world arrive in his day any more than he expects if he is in good health to die tomorrow. Yet there is a widespread and perhaps universal belief that the earth is no more immortal than man, only its term of existence is almost infinitely long compared with his.

Science gives unquestionable support to this view, and every new discovery seems to make more certain the conclusion that our world cannot last forever.

But there are two opposite theories as to the manner in which the earth as the abode of life will come to an end. One assumes that its destruction will be by heat and the other that it will be by cold. The discovery of the mysterious substance radium, which possesses the property of continually giving off heat, has imparted renewed impetus to the first of these theories, which, it may be remarked, as a matter of curiosity, is in accord with the Bible prophecies.

"The heavens shall roll up as a scroll, and the earth shall dissolve with fervent heat."

A most ominous account of the part that radium may play in the ultimate destruction of the earth is given in a book by Professor J. Joly, entitled "Radioactivity and Geology."

The argument on which the assumption that radium or its "mother element," uranium, may finally bring the world to a fiery end is based on the fact that a particle of radium keeps itself continually by some inner process at a temperature nearly 3 degrees above that of its surroundings. In an hour the radium emits enough heat to raise its own weight of water from the freezing to the boiling point. And this store of heat is so vast that a single atom of radium will continue to give it forth at an unvarying rate for about 2,500 years!

If there were only a certain quantity of radium in the earth which could not be renewed, then we might assume that at the end of two or three thousand years this source of heat would be exhausted.

But radium itself appears to be continually produced from uranium, which is an incomparably more abundant substance. So we conclude that the earth may have been heated internally by renewed supplies of radium for untold millions of years and will continue to be thus heated for millions of years to come.

Now, following a line of reasoning which would be too long to enter upon here, Professor Joly shows that if at the present time the nucleus of the earth contains as much as one five-hundred-thousand-millionth of a gram of radium for every gram of ordinary matter then its temperature must be rising at such a rate that in about 100,000,000 years the earth will be entirely melted inside.

We do not know whether there is so much radium as that inside the earth, but from what we observe on its surface we conclude that there very well may be. If there is more than the melting will be accomplished sooner. If there is less it will take longer. But the quantity would have to be very much less than it probably is in order that the heat produced could continue to be radiated away without a disastrous rise in the temperature of the globe.

The same reasoning carried further leads to the conclusion that the earth may have been alternately melted and cooled off several times in the past. When it is in a molten state the free radiation from the surface produces a crust, which thickens to a certain point, and then the inner accumulation of heat brings about another melting from the interior outward.

The phenomenon of new stars is appealed to as lending support to this view. Again and again astronomers have seen a new star burst forth at some point in the sky. Generally it has been assumed that they are due to collisions in the heavens, but it is perhaps equally probable that they arise from the accumulation of heat in some dark celestial body, causing it to flame out into incandescence. Other stars are known to have disappeared, and their disappearance may have been caused by the cooling off of their surfaces.

Evidently we are only just beginning to understand the meaning of life and death in the universe. But we may be sure that what happens elsewhere happens here and that if the stars are not eternal the earth is no more so. — Garrett P. Serviss in New York Journal.

Ready to Die With His Boots On.

On the most trying occasions the coolness of the Duke of Wellington was perfect. The instance given by Colonel Gurwood is quoted in Life.

The duke was once in great danger of being drowned at sea. It was bedtime when the captain of the vessel came to him and said:

"It will soon be all over with us."

"Very well," answered Wellington, "then I shall not take off my boots."

Like the bee, we should make our industry our amusement. — Oliver Goldsmith.

Playing Both Ends.

"I shall have a farewell series in America," explained the prominent actress.

"And then you will retire from the stage forever, eh?"

"Not at all. My manager is even now arranging for a welcome home series on the other side." — Washington Herald.

MURDERED BY A MOTH.

A Curious Case and the Evidence Upon Which It Was Decided.

In olden times it was not rare for animals to be accused and convicted of various offenses and given judicial trials, but there is a more recent case recorded, in which a moth was proved to have been a murderer. It was the case of the Princess Caravella, at Naples. After giving a dinner party she proceeded to her room to snatch a few minutes of rest, in order to refresh herself for a dance.

She was discovered lying dead on her bed, with a pistol wound in her heart. Her husband, Prince Caravella, had been noted for his jealous disposition, and as it was certain that no stranger could possibly have been in the princess' room suspicion pointed to him, and he was arrested.

The pistol was found lying near the murdered woman, which in itself was favorable to the prince, for no murderer, unless he courted detection, would thus leave the weapon to be discovered. In spite of this, it was probable that things would have gone hard with the accused but for the shrewdness of a Naples police officer. This man carefully examined the bed-chamber, and, lying on the floor by the bedside, he found one of those large moths that abound in Italy. A lighted candle had stood on a table by the bed, and the moth's wings bore evident marks of having been badly singed against the flame.

What was more important still, some of the powdery dust from the moth's wings was found on the trigger of the pistol, and pistol had lain in such a position that it covered the princess' heart. It was clear, argued this astute Sherlock Holmes, that the moth had brushed its wings and had fallen on the table where, writhing in agonies, its wings had struck the trigger of the pistol, and the pistol had been thus fired. It was noted that the hair trigger worked with exceptional ease.

It should be remarked that these Italian moths are larger than any with which we are familiar in this country. On this evidence the prince was rightly acquitted. — Pearson's Weekly.

MAETERLINCK ON SPIRITS.

His Opinion About Those Materialized by Mediums.

Maurice Maeterlinck, writing about life after death in the Fortnightly Review, makes these remarks about the so-called "spirits" that are materialized by mediums:

"It is a remarkable thing that they appear to be much more interested in events here below than in those of the world wherein they move."

"They seem, above all, jealous in establishing their identity, to prove that they still exist, that they recognize us, that they know everything, and to convince us of this they enter into the most minute and forgotten details with extraordinary precision, perspicacity and prolixity."

"They are also extremely clever at unraveling the intricate family connections of the person actually questioning them, of any of the sitters, or even of a stranger entering the room. They recall this one's little infirmities, that one's maladies, the eccentricities or tendencies of a third."

"They have cognizance of events taking place at a distance, . . . but there comes from it all no breath, no glimmer of the hereafter, not even the something vaguely promised and vaguely waited for."

"We shall be told that the mediums are visited only by inferior spirits, incapable of tearing themselves from earthly cares and soaring toward greater and loftier ideas. It is possible, and no doubt we are wrong to believe that a spirit stripped of its body can suddenly be transformed and reach in a moment the level of our imaginings, but could they not at least inform us where they are and what they feel and what they do?"

Vindicated.

"Gentlemen of the jury," announced the attorney for the defense, "my client is accused of operating a speak-easy. I will have the defendant take the stand."

"Mr. Whistler, are you the defendant in this case?"

"Y-y-y-es, s-s-sir."

"Will you pronounce your name for the jury?"

"T-t-tom-tom-tomas Wh-wh-whistler."

And without leaving the box the jury returned a verdict of not guilty. — Cincinnati Enquirer.

Hard to Decide.

Smithers—I am going to have my picture taken. A good deal depends upon the pose, don't you know. Now, what kind of a position do you think would be the best for me? Brownrigg—Well, I don't know. I was going to say with your back to the camera, but then your hair is rather thin behind. — Boston Transcript.

Made It Clear.

"My second husband is no more like my first one was than day is like night."

"But remember that you should never speak ill of the dead."

"Oh, I had no intention of doing that. On the contrary." — Houston Post.

Futile Cleverness.

"The cleverest men," says an eminent Englishman, "are more clever than the cleverest women."

This may be true. But what does their cleverness avail them when clever women wish to make fools of them? — Chicago Record-Herald.

They conquer who believe they can. — Old Saying.

"Votes for children." Thus explains Alice Thatcher Post of Washington, wife of the assistant secretary of labor. Somebody must do the electing in these days when good citizens are too busy to vote.

FIRST IN DARKEST AFRICA.

Mungo Park's Daring Plunge Into the Heart of the Continent.

Mungo Park started out on his African expedition—the first serious attempt that was ever made to explore the "dark continent"—on Oct. 21, 1793. The lion hearted Scot, with two negro servants, set out from Gambia, on the west coast, and plunged fearlessly into the task which before him no white man had ever attempted.

It took a real man to plunge into the unknown interior, filled with tales of the monstrous and the terrible. Huge serpents, roaring lions, great black cannibals, scorching heat, deadly fevers—who would dare to challenge these things? And so Africa remained "dark" until yesterday, as it were, while Moses was battling with his problem in the Arabian wilderness; while, civilization was maturing in Egypt and Greece; while Roman republics and empires were rising and falling; while the modern nations were coming into being; while crusaders were fighting and troubadours singing; while Columbus was discovering the new world and Washington was founding the United States of America.

But at last the man and the hour met, and the son of the Berkshire farmer took his brave leap into the mystery. In the mystery he remained a year and a half, when he reappeared, returned to England and wrote "Travels in the Interior of Africa," a book which is still one of the most interesting in the libraries of the world.

In the year 1805 Mungo Park started on his second trip to the dark continent, a trip from which he was never to return. Resolved, with true Scotch grit, to "discover the mouth of the Niger or perish in an attempt," Park pushed on through the pathless forests until he reached a point between 8 and 10 north latitude, where in attempting to make his escape from the natives, who were about to kill him, he was drowned in the mighty stream, which should be accepted as his most fitting monument. — Rev. T. B. Gregory in New York American.

NAMES FROM THE BIBLE.

Odd Ones From the Old Testament That Pleasured the Puritans.

A certain set of Christian names taken from the Bible have been in use so long that we do not think of them as Bible names. Among them are Adam, Moses, Samuel, David, Daniel, Solomon, Abraham, Isaac and Jacob. Others taken from the saints, like Peter, Paul, John, Stephen and Matthew, originally given to children because they were born on the saint's day, are still so common that we think of them as English names.

These names antedate the use of surnames, as may be inferred from the fact that nearly all of them have given rise to patronymics, like Jacobson, Peterson and Stevenson. In the twelfth century missionaries sent out by the authorities used to baptize whole villages at once and to save time invested all the men with the name of John or some other saint and the women usually Mary or Martha. To distinguish the Johns some additional name like Short or Strong or White or Black was given him by the neighbors, and so Christian names and surnames were united.

After the reformation it became the fashion among the Puritans to give children the names of characters like the Old Testament, and odd ones like Melchisedec or Barzillai were preferred. Among these were Abel, Levi, Jesse, Amos, Ass, Isalah, Ephraim, Glendon, Malachi, Job, Abner, Moses, Ezekiel, Jeremiah, Zechariah, Asher, Eli and hundreds of others. — Hartford Times.

The English Penny.

The English penny has had a good long tanning. For over six centuries it was practically the only English coin, for while the florin did not appear until 1343, the penny was introduced by Offa, king of Mercia, who took as a model a coin struck by the father of Charlemagne.

This penny of Offa's was a silver coin, and it was followed in 1357 by one of gold, and it was not until the time of George III. that copper pence were struck, the present bronze not coming until Victoria had been over twenty years on the throne. — London Chronicle.

Old Time Rowing Costumes.

English rowing men a century ago wore costumes far different from what they wear now. In 1505 it was the correct thing for them to wear a green leather catskin cap with a jacket and trousers of nankeen. In the first university race at Henley in 1829 Oxford won wearing blue checks, while Cambridge was in white, with pink waistcoats. Broad brimmed heavy straw hats came in a little later.

Curiosity.

Maud—Why didn't you protect yourself when Jack kissed you? Betty—Why, at first I was simply speechless, and then I thought I would just see how many times the impudent fellow would dare to do it. — Boston Transcript.

Maybe.

D. A. R.—I have the drum that my great-great-grandfather carried all through the Revolution. The Flippant One—And when he saw the enemy did he beat it?—Puck.

Both Affected.

She—You really should give up smoking. It affects the heart. He—By that reasoning I ought to give up you also. — Boston Transcript.

Work will hide from most of us much needless worry.

If Doc Cook really succeeds in having Congress take up the question of whether he reached the north pole his marvelous narrations should be referred to the committee on accounts.

Aliens who are repositories for lock-worms are to be denied admission to the United States. Persons who want the job of turning aliens inside out will please get their applications in early.

SHE HAD A NIMBLE TONGUE.

The Old Duchess Could and Did Swear Like a Trooper.

The old Duchess of St. Albans, who was the widow of Mr. Coutts, the banker, when the duke, much her junior in age, married her, was one of the habitually visitors at Ralmsouth. My first view of her, however, was at the Cliff hotel, on her way through to Kenmore, when the duchess and her retinue arrived in eight carriages; for (though by birth of no family, she had a most exalted idea of her own importance and when paying a series of short visits to country houses was so convinced of the savage condition of the highlands that she traveled always with her own chef and butler, who alone were permitted to cook her meals at the inns she stopped at on the road.

I shall not easily forget the sight of the disgorging of the duchess's own chariot when it pulled up at the inn door! First emerged her grace herself, an enormously fat woman; then followed her three nieces, daughters of Sir Francis Burdett, whereof the youngest and best looking became the heir of her wealth, and Baroness Burdett-Coutts.

These young ladies, evidently in mortal terror of their awful relative—not without reason—followed the duchess in single file, dutifully carrying each some article necessary to her grace's comfort—reticule, cushion, wraps, books, footstool and bag of toilet requisites, the duchess's favorite lap dog and her pet parrot in a cage. After them came her grace's private physician, who traveled always in the same carriage as herself, so as to be on the spot, while the duke preferred the coach box to the company inside—and no wonder!

All the time the duchess's tongue was heard going—scolding, complaining, abusing everybody, from her husband downward, in unmeasured terms. The unfortunate nieces came in for no small share of her harangue and earned painfully any share of her fortune she may have left them in her will, for she swore like a trooper or a Billingsgate fishwife the whole time. — Lady Login in Cornhill Magazine.

CHEMICAL EXACTNESS.

Bunsen's Foat After His Goblet of Solution Had Been Used.

The remarkable skill in dealing with the material of their experiments that some chemists have is well illustrated by the following story told of the great German chemist Professor Robert Bunsen:

Professor Bunsen evaporated fifty hogsheds of water from the Dürkheim spring and carefully isolated from the residue a small quantity of the salts of two very rare elements, caesium and rubidium. He dissolved these salts in a small beaker of water and set them aside on his laboratory table.

One day a friend came to see Professor Bunsen. Unnoticed by the chemist his visitor in leaning against the laboratory table tipped over the beaker and spilled its contents on the floor and on his clothing. The solution looked like plain water, so the man thought nothing of the accident and a few minutes later took his departure.

Shortly after the gentleman had gone Bunsen noticed that the contents of the beaker had been spilled. Instantly he ran out to the street, overtook his friend and brought him back to the laboratory.

With water Bunsen carefully extracted the salts from the sleeve of the gentleman's coat and his underclothing, washed his arm, cleaned off a drop that had splattered on his shoe, carefully washed the floor and the table, collected all the solutions together, purified them and on evaporation found that he had recovered the valuable salts! So perfect was his skill that he had not lost a weighable amount. — Youth's Companion.

Chinese Idols.

The Chinese, according to a missionary, are the most exacting of worshippers. When they pray to their idols they ask for definite material blessings and they expect results. The life of an idol in China is precarious. Gifts will be heaped before it only as long as it seems to be bringing about the wishes of its followers. If the shrine falls upon evil times and disappoints its worshippers their homage soon fades. Not only do the gifts cease, but the resentful people of the countryside will come in a body and smash the inefficient symbol.

A Change.

"Tommy," said an irate mother to her incorrigible offspring, "if you don't behave I'll give you a good whipping!"

"Well, that'll be a change, anyway," replied the little fellow. "All the other whippings I ever got from you were bad." — Chicago News.

Nothing but Fun.

"How's your wife these days?"

"Well, she has found a soap that makes washing a pleasure, a machine that makes sewing delightful and a contraption that makes sweeping a dream of bliss. She ought to find life one continuous round of joy." — Louisville Courier-Journal.

Pa Knew.

"Pa, what's an agnoscite?"

"It's one of those poems where the first letters of the lines spell out a word. Now run along and let me read." — Boston Transcript.

Tact.

Tact is when you cover your mouth with your hand and make the other party believe that the yawn was a smile. — Cincinnati Enquirer.

Thomas J. Lynch did not vacate his job as president of the National League without registering a tick. An old ball player hates to lose a game anyway.

Joy is the peculiar feeling experienced by the man who counts his money and discovers that he has all he thought he had and a few dollars more.

Not Much Doubt.

Several Americans in London recently applied to an agency for an automobile in which to go sight-seeing. There was difficulty in getting one on such short notice, but when the hour arrived a luxurious limousine car was placed at their disposal. The chauffeur proved well informed. When they returned they remarked that they had never had such a car or such a driver.

"Well, it is not often that one like this is for hire," was the reply. "Did you notice the coat of arms on the door? That automobile belongs to Lady —" naming one of the wealthiest American heiresses married to an English peer, "but she is out of town."

The Americans who had the use of Lady —'s car were wondering whether she or the chauffeur enjoyed the profits. — Detroit Free Press.

She Investigated.

What Elsie's sister wanted to know was where Elsie got that beautiful silver mounted walking stick. But Elsie didn't want Elsie's sister to know, so Elsie's sister got Elsie's father to ask Elsie.

"I found it," Elsie proudly informed her father, "floating like a schooner on the waves one day when I was bathing."

But two days later Elsie's sister sold to Elsie:

"Come—tell me! What is his name?"

"Name!" repeated Elsie blankly. "What do you mean?"

"I mean, dear," said Elsie's sister, "that last night I tried to make that elck of yours float in the bath, and—well, darling, it sunk!" — Pearson's Weekly.

One university has received in gifts an average of more than \$1,000,000 every year for twenty-five years at which rate, it is predicted, it will be self supporting in 100 years.

Besides a uniform "blue sky" law for the several states, the taxpayer of almost any state would be glad to have an act providing interchangeable climates and adjustable rainfall.

A FIELD FLOWER.

There is a flower, a little flower,
With silver crest and golden
eye,
That welcomes every changing
hour
And weathers every sky.

This flower's page—in every place,
In every season, fresh and fair,
It opens with perennial grace
And blossoms everywhere.

On waste and woodland, rock
and plain
Its humble buds, unheeded,
rise.

The rose has but a summer
reign;
The daisy never dies!

—Montgomery.

A WISH.

Mine be a cot beside the bill,
A brother's hum shall soothe
my ear.

A willow brook, that turns a
mill,
With many a fall shall linger
near.

The swallow oft 'neath my
thatch
Shall twitter from her clay
built nest.

Off shall the pilgrim lift the
tatch
And share my meal, a welcome
guest.

Around my wiled porch shall
spring
Each fragrant flower, that
drinks the dew.

And Lucy, at her wheel, shall
sing
In russet gown and apron blue.

The village church among the
trees,
Where first our marriage vows
were given.

With merry peals shall swell the
breeze
And point with taper spire to
heaven.

—Samuel Rogers.

FILIPINO FREEDOM.

I hope and assume that the present administration is merely making itself acquainted with the situation. When it gets the facts I have not the slightest doubt that it will see its duty as we have seen it to have been there. This is to encourage the Filipinos to take as active a part in the government as it is safe to have them take, but to retain a controlling hand while they are in their tutelage, while they are learning political self restraint.

It will take certainly two generations, perhaps longer, for them to do this, and for us to promise within any definite time to give them independence is very foolish. It would be a failure on our part in maintaining the self respect that we ought to have in discharging a responsibility that has come to us under circumstances we could not control and which we are quite able to discharge with comparatively small effort. We shall make a serious mistake if we follow the eloquence of the smooth spoken Filipino politicians who are looking hungrily for the exercise of a power which they are ill adapted to wield for the benefit of their own people. — William H. Taft.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

Little Blue Eyes.

"Can I sit with you?"
 "Certainly, sir."
 "Nice weather!"
 "Splendid, indeed."
 "Crops growing finely?"
 "Yes—could do better."

I was sitting in a passenger coach on a Wisconsin railroad, one day, years ago, when a good-looking, pleasant spoken man came along, stopped at my seat, and the above conversation took place, the latter part of it after I had given him part of my seat.

Now, I am regarded as a sociable man, I like a joke, a good hit, and I think a sour, morose man, who uses his tongue only when forced to, is bound to die of some terrible disease and go to some place of red-hot punishment.

On entering a railroad car I always look about for a talkative man, and then I get as close to him as possible and drain him dry, if the journey is long enough.

And I want to state one thing more—left an orphan before I could realize the end of the world, and I got kicked here and culled there, and "grew up between folks," as they say I ought to have had, at the time of which I write, a pretty thorough knowledge of human nature, and have been enabled to read evil in a man's face, if he intended me evil. I did not pride myself on being over keen or extra sharp, but the knocking around among strangers ought to have given anyone a good experience.

Well, the stranger and I fell into an easy train of conversation as we rode together, and in 10 minutes I began to enjoy his company. He was a well-made fellow, finely dressed and he wore a fine watch and a diamond ring. I never saw a man who could talk so easily and pleasantly. It seemed that he had but to open his mouth and the words fell right out.

I had traveled in the South, so had he. I had heard the loud roar of the Pacific, he knew all about it. I had been up in a balloon, down in a mine, been blown up, smashed up and repaired again and again, my new friend had experienced all these things, and was willing for something of a more startling nature. We agreed on politics, neither had any religion, and I had never met such a railroad companion.

Did you ever meet a man, who although a stranger to you 10 minutes before, could wrest from you secrets which you had sworn to yourself not to reveal? Well, he was such a man. It was not long before he commenced asking me questions. He did not seem trying to quiz or draw me out, but he asked me questions in such a roundabout way that before I knew it I was giving him my history.

I was at that time just on the point of being admitted to the bar of Wisconsin as a student of Law & Law, of Brifville. The firm was old lawyers with a lucrative practice, and it had been talked over that in about a month I should be the "Co." of the firm. A year before a farmer named Preston, down about four miles from Grafton had died, and his matter had been put into the hands of Law & Law for settlement. Preston had died rich. He had money in bank, railroad stock mortgages, etc., and everything was settled up to the satisfaction of the relic and the fatherless.

About a year before his death, being pinched for money, and not wishing to sell anything at a sacrifice, Preston had given a mortgage on his farm for \$3000. (While the papers read, "for one year from date," there was a verbal agreement that it should be lifted any day when Preston desired. A month after, having the funds to clear off the paper, the old money-bags holding it refused to discharge, wishing to secure his interest for a year.

I was on my way to ascertain the date of expiration. A fire among our office papers had destroyed the memoranda, and I must go down and get the date from old Scrip, who lives south of Grafton about five miles. The stranger had pumped all this out of me in 10 minutes, and yet I never suspected that he was receiving any information.

"I am not positive," I added, "but I am pretty sure that the time is the 13th, which would be Tuesday next."

"And then your folks will send down the money and discharge the mortgage, of course?" he queried.

"Oh, yes, I shall most likely bring it down," I replied; and it never occurred to me how imprudent I was.

He turned the conversation into other channels, and did not once attempt to pump me further. We got to Grafton 10:30, and to my great surprise, he announced that he was to stop in town on business for a few days. I had not asked his name or avocation, while he knew everything about me.

We went to the hotel, had dinner, and then I secured a livery team and drove out, getting through with business so that I was back to take the 3:30 express. My friend was on the porch of the hotel as I drove up, carrying the same honest, dignified face.

"Well, did you find out?" he inquired in his pleasant way.

We were discussing it, Mr. Raleigh discovered that the farm he was going to see was just beyond that of old Grip.

"How fortunate! I could ride out with him, see the farm, return in his company," and he was greatly pleased. I was also pleased. If any one had told me as we got into the buggy that George Raleigh meant to return with my money in his pocket and my blood upon his hands I should have believed him a lunatic. And yet George Raleigh had planned to do that very thing.

I was a lovely day in June, and the cool breeze and slight of the meadows and green groves made my heart grow larger. My companion was very talkative, but he didn't even hint at my errand. He talked as far away as he could.

"Oh excuse me," he exclaimed, after we had passed a mile beyond the village, and were among the farm houses. "I should have offered you this before."

He drew from his pocket a small flask of wine and handed it to me. Now I was temperate in regards to drinks. In fact, I detested the sight and smell of anything intoxicating. But I had not the moral courage to tell him so, and to had back the flask undisturbed. I feared to offend him, and so I drank perhaps three good swallows. He called my attention to the woods on the left as he received back the flask, and when I looked round again he was just removing it from his mouth as if he drank heartily.

In about five minutes I began to feel queer. The fences along the road seemed to grow higher and the trees to grow larger; something got into my ears so that the rattle of the buggy sounded a good way off.

"How strange!" why, I believe I am going to be sick!" I exclaimed, holding on to the seat with all my might.

"You do look strange," he replied, a snaky smile stealing over his face. "I shouldn't wonder if it was apoplexy."

I did not suspect the game he had played. His words were like an echo, and his face seemed twice as large as it was. My head began to spin, and my brain to snap and crack, and I was greatly frightened.

"You are bad off," he continued, looking into my face. "I will drive as fast as possible and get a doctor."

My tongue was so heavy that I could not reply. I clutched the seat, shut my eyes, and he put the horse at his best pace. We met a farmer's team, and I can remember that one of the occupants of the wagon called out to know what ailed that man. Raleigh did not reply, but urged the horse forward.

About three from Grafton was a long stretch of forest, and this we soon reached. The pain in my head was not so violent, and I was not so badly affected when opening my eyes. I had settled into a sort of a dumber stupor, with a brain so benumbed that I had to say to myself, "This is a tree, this is a stump," etc., before I could make sure that I was not wrong. Half a mile down the road after we struck the forest, and then Raleigh turned the horse into a blind road leading back into the woods. I could not understand what he intended. I tried to grapple with the question, but could not solve it.

"Well, here we are!" exclaimed Raleigh, when we had reached a point about four rods from the main road. He stopped the horse, got out and hitched him, and then came around to the wheel.

"You don't feel just right, but I guess you will be better soon," he remarked. "Come, let me help you down."

He reached up his arms, and I let go the seat and fell into them. It seemed in me as if I weighed a ton, but he carried me along without an effort and laid me down within about a rod of a fence which ran along on one side of an old pasture. Just now I began to grow a little better. The effects of the drug were wearing off, and I got a faint suspicion that something unusual had happened. But I was powerless to move a limb; the sensation was like that when your foot goes to sleep.

"Can you speak?" inquired Raleigh, bending over me; "because if you can I will save me some trouble. I want to know just where you have stored that money."

Now I began to realize my situation. His face looked natural again, and the load was off my tongue. I also felt that I could move my fingers a little.

"George Raleigh! are you going to rob me?" I asked, finding my voice at last.

"Well, some folks might call it 'robbing,' but we dress up the term a little by calling it the only correct financial way of equalizing the floating currency, so that each one is provided for and no one left out."

"You shan't have the money, I will die first!" I yelled, rising a little.

"Ah, I see—didn't take quite enough!" he coolly remarked. "Well, I have provided for this."

He went to the buggy, procured ropes and a gag, and knelt down beside me. I had but little strength yet, and he conquered me in a moment. Lying on my right side looking toward the fence, he tied my hands behind me and then forced the gag into my mouth.

"There, now! You see you are nicely fixed up, and all because you acted like a fool, instead of a sensible young lawyer, soon to be admitted to the bar."

While he was speaking—indeed, while he was tying me, I had caught sight of the white face of a little girl looking at us from between the rails of the fence. I could see her great blue eyes, and knew that she was frightened. There were red stains about her mouth and on the little hand resting on the rail, and I knew that she was some farmer's child searching for strawberries. I could not warn her of her danger, and I feared that she would be seen or heard. While Raleigh was tying the last knot I winked at the little girl as hard as I could, hoping that she would move away. But she did not go.

"Well, now for the money!" said Raleigh, and he began searching my pockets. He went from one to the other, removing all the articles, felt down my boot-leg, and then finally passed his hand over my bosom and found the money.

"Hal here it is!" he exclaimed, drawing out the packages. "I don't hardly believe that old Grip will see any of this today."

He sat down near my head, undid the packages, and was cool enough to go at it to count the money. As he commenced the little wailed her hand to me. My heart went thumping, for I expected she would utter a word or a shout, but she sank down from sight, and I caught a gleam of her frock as she passed through the grass.

"You see, my young friend," remarked Raleigh, as he drew off one of his boots and deposited some of the bills in it, "there's nothing like transacting business as it should be transacted. Some men would have shot or

stabbed you, but it is only the apprentices who do such work. All the real gentlemen of our calling do business as gentlemen should."

How coolly he talked! He treated the matter as if it were a regular transaction in which I fully acquiesced. He had me a fast prisoner, and I felt that he could do just as he pleased. While I was thinking, I saw the little white face appear between the white rails again, but in a moment it faded away and its place was taken by the sun-burned face of a farmer. He looked from me to Raleigh and back again, and I winked at him in a way which he readily understood. His face disappeared, and I felt that I should be saved.

"No, old Grip won't get his tin today," mused Raleigh, storing away the bills in his pockets. "You will go back to Law & Law feeling put out and cut up, but they shouldn't blame you—it is not your way at all. True, had you minded your business on the car and not been so free with a stranger this would not have happened. I was on my way to Milwaukee, and had no thought of such rich pickings here."

I saw nothing of the farmer. Raleigh finished his counting, and I made up my mind that the farmer was afraid to interfere, and had run away. My heart went down as Raleigh got up, for I saw that he was about to carry out his plan of further dragging me. He turned me on my back, set down astride of me, and then pulled out the flask.

"Now, in just about a minute," he'll be through with this business," he remarked, trying to put the mouth of the flask between my jaws.

I rolled my head to one side and he did not succeed. He was jamming the flask against my teeth, when I caught the sound of a soft step, the crash of a club, and Raleigh rolled off my body. He tried to leap up but three or four farmers struck him down, and one of the blows rendered him senseless. Before he came to I was free of ropes and gag, and we had him nicely bound.

Over beyond the pasture a farmer and his hands were raking up hay. "Little Blue Eyes," only 8 years old, had wandered after strawberries and had fortunately witnessed part of Raleigh's proceedings. She had hurried back to her father and told him that "a man was all tied up out there," and he had returned to the fence. Understanding the situation, he and his men had moved around so as to secure an advantage, and Raleigh's capture was the result.

When the rascal found his senses he was terribly taken aback, and cowered enough for a whole Flanders army. We took him back to Grafton; and when I last saw him he was on his way to the penitentiary to serve a sentence of 15 years.

The mortgage was lifted after all, and the gift Law & Law sent little Katie Gray kept her in dresses for many a year.

Knocking Out Treatment.

The Supreme court of the state of Washington has upheld the right of the city of Tacoma to enforce an anti treating ordinance. The court holds that the power to regulate saloons means also the power to regulate the conduct of citizens in saloons.

The court did not consider seriously the argument that treating is an act of hospitality and that it was an individual right which could not be abridged. The court says this argument has no weight whatever in support of a practice which becomes a menace to morality and order. It holds that the citizen has no inherent right to treat another in a saloon which is under the control of the police power.

"Whatever the right of the citizen may be elsewhere, he has no inherent right even to buy liquor in such a place."

It will be interesting to watch the effect of the decision. Whether such an ordinance can be successfully enforced is open to question. One thing will be generally admitted, and that is that with the treating system abolished the sale of liquor would fall off tremendously. The number of people who drink alone is inconsequential. The great bulk of liquor drinking is done under the guise of "sociability."

A Real Genius.

"What kinder a feller is Pete Doelittle?"

"Bright as a dollar, patient, an' a hard worker."

"Why, he can't hold a job for more'n a week, an' I hear his family ain't got enough to live on."

"Sho; that may be, but what's that got to do with it? You see that meerschaum pipe of his'n? Colored it himself. You see that there hosiary watch chain he wears? Braided it himself. Notice the peach stone charm hangin' to it? Carved it himself. an' it took two months to finish. See that houn' dog he's got? Pete trained that dawg to do everything a circus dawg kin do. Ever hear Pete play on the mouth harp an' accompany himself on the guitar? Taught himself. Ever see his handwritin'? Jest like copperplate, all shaded an' flourished, an' he kin make a swan without takin' his pen from the paper. Pete may not keep a job or feed his family, but he's a genius—that's what he is!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Three Dudes.

Three dudes were walking along the street one morning, and met an aged, decrepit minister, with long, white hair and a beard.

Desiring to poke fun at the old man, the first called out: "Hello, Father Abraham!" The second said: "Hello, Father Isaac," and the third chimed in: "Hello, Father Jacob."

The minister, seeing the situation, and likewise using Scripture, quietly replied: "I am neither Abraham, nor Isaac, nor Jacob, but Saul, the son of Kish, who went forth to hunt his father's asses; and behold, I have found them."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Some of the Best Lincoln Stories.

Returning at one time from the circuit, he said to his law partner, Mr. Herndon: "Billy, I heard a good story while I was up in the country. Judge D— was complimenting the landlord on the excellence of his beef. 'I am surprised,' he said, 'that you have such good beef; you must have to kill a whole critter when you want any.' 'Yes,' said the landlord, 'we never kill less than a whole critter.'"

Speaking of his ancestry, Lincoln once humorously remarked: "I don't know who my grandfather was, and I am much more concerned to know what his grandson will be."

This is from Chauncey M. Depew: "President Lincoln told me once that in his judgment, one of the two best things he ever originated was this. He was trying a case in Illinois where he appeared for a prisoner charged with aggravated assault and battery. The complainant had told a horrid story of the attack which his appearance fully justified, when the District Attorney handed the witness to Mr. Lincoln for cross-examination. Mr. Lincoln said he had no testimony and unless he could break down the complainant's story he saw no way out. He had come to the conclusion that the witness was a humbug man, who rather prided himself upon his smartness in repartee, and so, after looking at him for some minutes, he inquired:

"Well, my friend, what ground did you and my client here fight over?"

"The fellow answered, 'About six acres.'"

"Well," said Mr. Lincoln, "don't you think this is an almighty small crop of fight to gather from such a big piece of ground?"

The jury laughed, the Court and District Attorney and complainant all joined in, and the case was laughed out of court."

A young lawyer once asked Mr. Lincoln if the county seat of Logan County was named after him. "Well, it was named after I was," he gravely replied.

Lincoln once commented on Douglas's position with regard to the extension of slavery into the Territories as follows: "The Judge holds that a thing may be lawfully driven away from a place where it has a lawful right to be."

Another epigram, this in speaking of Douglas's joint debates:

"The President once related an incident that had occurred at Decatur when the Illinois Republicans named him as their choice for the Presidency. A Southern Democrat, from 'Egypt,' as Southern Illinois was called, approached Mr. Lincoln and said, 'So you're Abe Lincoln?'

"Yes, that is my name."

"They say you're a self-made man."

"Well, yes; what there is of me is self-made."

"Well, all I've got to say," observed the man, after a careful survey of the Republican candidate, "is that it was a d— bad job!"

There was an ignorant man who once applied to Lincoln for the post of doorkeeper to the House. This man had no right to ask Lincoln for anything. It was necessary to repulse him. But Lincoln repulsed him gently and whimsically, without hurting his feelings, in this way:

"So you want to be doorkeeper of the House, eh?"

"Yes, Mr. President."

"Well, have you ever been a doorkeeper? Have you ever had any experience of doorkeeping?"

"Well, no—no actual experience, sir."

"Any theoretical experience? Any instructions in the duties and ethics of doorkeeping?"

"Umph—no."

"Have you ever attended lectures on doorkeeping?"

"No, sir."

"Have you read any text on the subject?"

"No."

"Have you conversed with any one who has read such a book?"

"No, sir. I am afraid not, sir."

"Well, then, my friend, don't you see that you haven't a single qualification for this important post?" said Lincoln in a reproachful tone.

"Yes, I do," said the applicant, and he took leave humbly, almost gratefully.

A delegation once waited upon Mr. Lincoln to ask the appointment of a gentleman as Commissioner to the Sandwich Islands.

Besides his fitness for the place they urged his bad health. The President said:

"Gentleman, I am sorry to say that there are eight other applicants for that place and they are all sicker than your man."

It is said that Lincoln very seldom invented a story. Once he said: "You speak of Lincoln stories. I don't think that is a correct phrase. I don't make the stories mine by telling them. I'm only a retail dealer."

To clinch his argument, Lincoln told a story of James Quarles, a distinguished lawyer of Tennessee. Quarles, he said, was trying a case, and after producing his evidence rested, whereupon the defense produced a witness who swore Quarles completely out of court, and a verdict was rendered accordingly. After the trial one of his friends came to him and said:

"Why didn't you get that fellow to swear on your side?"

"I didn't know anything about him," replied Quarles.

"I might have told you about him," said the friend, "for he would swear for you just as hard as he'd swear for the other side. That's his business, Judge, that feller takes in swearin' for a livin'."

This is related by Gen. James Grant Wilson:

"Among several good things, the President told of a Southern Illinois preacher who, in the course of his sermon, asserted that the Saviour was the only perfect man who had ever appeared in this world, also that there was no record in the Bible or elsewhere of any perfect woman having lived on the earth. Whereupon there arose in the rear of the church a persecuted looking personage who, the parson having stopped speaking, said, 'I know a perfect woman and I've heard of her every day for the last six years.' Who was she?" asked the minister. "My husband's first wife," replied the afflicted female.

Abraham Lincoln once received a letter asking for a "sentiment" and his autograph. He replied: "Dear Madam: When you ask a stranger for that which is of interest only to yourself always inclose a stamp."

Once when a deputation visited him and urged emancipation before he was ready, he argued that he could not en-

force it, and, to illustrate, asked them: "How many legs will a sheep have if you call the tail a leg?" They answered, "Five." "You are mistaken," said Lincoln, "for calling a tail a leg don't make it so." And that exhibited the fallacy of their position more than twenty syllogisms.

A Lincoln's anxiety, showed him that a majority of the delegates were for him.

"Well, McClure," he replied, "what you say seems unanswerable, but I don't quite forget that I was nominated for President in a convention that was two-thirds for the other fellow."

"The convention came on; he was unanimously renominated. A short time after the convention I returned to Washington. When I called to see the President and was shown in I saw at once a twinkle in his eye, and as I approached him he said, 'Colonel, do you remember that you told me, when here before, that everybody about Congress seemed to be against me?' I replied that I did. He said that the situation reminded him of two Irishmen who came to America and started out through the country on foot to secure work. They came to some woods, as they passed along they heard a strange noise. They did not know what it was. So they hunted about, but could find nothing. Finally, one said to the other, 'Pat! Pat! Let a go! This thing is nothing but a damned noise!' Lincoln said that the opposition to him was nothing but a noise."

When he heard that a general who was supporting McClellan had been relieved of his command the President countermanded the order, saying, "Supporting Gen. McClellan for the Presidency is no violation of army regulations, and as a question of taste in choosing between him and me—well, I'm the longest, but he's better-looking."

A woman once approached the President rather imperiously. "Mr. President," she said, very theatrically, "you must give a colonel's commission for my son, Sir, I demand it, not as a favor, but as a right. Sir, my grandfather fought at Lexington. Sir, my uncle was the only man that did not run away at Bladensburg. Sir, my father fought at New Orleans and my husband was killed at Monterey."

"I guess, madam," answered Mr. Lincoln, dryly, "your family has done enough for the country. It is time to give somebody else a chance."

Presence of Mind.

All Sorts.

One of the easiest ways to get rich is to take pencil and paper after supper and sit down and spend the evening keeping hens.—Boston Globe.

"Papa, what does being disappointed in love mean?"

"Why, either marrying or being jilted by the girl you are in love with."

Mrs. Hall—I wonder if our new neighbors have many children.

Mr. Hall—I guess not; I understand that they have always moved in the best social circles.—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Tommy-Pop, what does the Bible mean by the people who swallow a camel and strain at a gnat?

Tommy's Pop—Oh, I suppose it means the people who swallow a fish story and choke to death on a fish bone.—Philadelphia Record.

Johnny had been abroad last summer and a visitor was discussing his trip with him.

"Did you have a safe passage?" asked the visitor.

"Pretty safe," answered Johnny. "The only accident I heard of was that the ship broke her record."—Stray Stories.

City Guy—What kind of a dog do you call that?

Farmer—That's a huntin' setter.

City Guy—Whatchya mean, huntin' setter?

Farmer—He hunts bones, and then sets and eats 'em.—Yale Record.

Woman Friend—Jack, your wife is unhappy. She says you are less attentive than you used to be.

Youngblood—But I'm engrossed in business. I am just getting a foothold.

W. F.—Yes, and she believes that you think more of your business than you do of her.

Y.—Isn't that just the way!

The moment Fortune begins to flirt with a man his wife gets jealous.—Boston Transcript.

Lots of things worth while can be accomplished in twelve months by a truly progressive community.

A new plant, a new machine, a new serum may any day radically affect the course of social evolution.

A Chicago hypnotist has opened a school for book agents.

Most of 'em are post graduates in that art.

A Minnesota college offers a course in sausage making.

The students will certainly have a long grind ahead of them.

Fashion is going to kill sentiment.

"How now?" "My girl has given me a lock of imported green hair."—Pittsburgh Post.

Society has little use for a man when his cash is gone.

"Not out while his money holds out to burn, the vilest sinner may return."—From Judge.

If an editor were found to be liable under the income tax law he'd be so puffed up about it that he'd begin to refer to his chilblains as goat.

—Omaha States Journal.

The Disgusted Gaffer—Have you ever seen such rotten play?

The weary Larkie (who has caddled three days for only his bare wage)—No sir, but I've read of it in the comic papers.—Sketch.

Teacher—What is a polostrain?

Country Pup—A teller what gets run over by an automobile.—Boston Transcript.

I am not a belligerent," said the Mexican.

"I am a musician."

That makes your case worse," replied the Texas ranger.

"You're a brass-bandit."—Boston Transcript.

What's most liable to get broke about our automobiles?

"The owner," replied Mr. Chuggins.—Washington Star.

My wife has learned something from her lessons in parliamentary rules.

"Is she?"

I should say! At a debate the other day about our buying a new and handsome dinner centerpiece she voted to lay the subject of the debate on the table.

—Baltimore American.

Historical and Genealogical.

Notes and Queries.

In writing a letter to this department the writer must be given. 1. Make all queries as brief as possible. 2. Write on one side of the paper only. 3. In answering queries always give the date of the paper, the number of the query and the signature. 4. Letters addressed to contributors, or to be forwarded, must be sent in blank stamped envelopes, accompanied by the number of the query and its signature. 5. Send all communications to Mrs. E. M. TILLEY, Newport Historical Rooms, Newport, R. I.

SATURDAY, APRIL 11, 1914.

NOTES.

Rhode Island Chronology, by John S. Barker, Esq. Taken from manuscript of Dr. Henry B. Turner, now in the possession of the Newport Historical Society.

1774. Cannon, 40 pieces removed to Providence, from Fort George.

1774. Continental Congress, met at Philadelphia, Sept. 4. Payton Randolph, Pres't, Chas. Thompson, Sec'y. Delegates from R. I. Steph. Hopkins, Sam'l Ward.

1775. Cooke, Nicholas Dep. Gov'r vice Darius sessions, declined.

1775. Cooke, Nicholas Gov'r also 1777.

1776. Cole, Hon. John former C. Justice of Supreme Court, died at N. Providence Oct. 24, age 61 yrs.

1777. Channing, Wm. Attorney Gen'l d. 1785.

1777. Cerberus, British Frigate, was compelled to ship her cables, & put to sea, Jan. 15, by two guns at Little Compton.

1777. Clinton, General, sailed for England, in the Asia, in Jan'y, leaving Major Gen'l Earl Perry, in command.

1780. Channing, Wm. Esq., of Wm. & Lucy, born April 7, in the house, corner Thames & Ann Sts, afterward Dr. Senior.

1780. Cotton, Rev'd Josiah former Cong'l Minister in Providence, died at Sandown, N. H. at an advanced age.

1780. Coddington, Wm. Town Clerk over 40 years, died Oct. 6, age 70.

1780. Corzons, Matthew, died at Charlestown, S. C. in December.

1782. Census, State, 61,888, Newport, 5,331, Providence, 4,510.

1782. Cornwallis S. - British Army, at Yorktown.

1783. Cooke, Nicholas, late Gov'r, died at Prov. Sept. 14, age 63 yrs.

1784. Cincinnati, Society of held their first meeting in Rhode Island at East Greenwich July 4. General Greene was elected President & Gen'l Varnum Vice President.

1785. Clock in Newport State House made and put up by Benjamin Dudley of Newport. Expense paid by subscription.

Olson, Hon. Thomas (gr. son of Gov. Samuel) Judge of Supreme Court died March 18, age 72 yrs.

1785. Collins, John Governor to 1789.

1790. Constitution of United States adopted, May. B. Brown, Representative.

1792. Chaloner, Walter. Many years High Sheriff, Newport County, died in October at New Brunswick, N. S., at an advanced age. He was a Loyalist Refugee and his estate was confiscated. He carried off the Newport Records at the evacuation of British forces.

Clark, Joseph Esq. 31 yrs. General Treasurer, died October 9, age 66 yrs.

1793. Cole, Col. Edward formerly of Newport, a Royalist Refugee died at Island St. John's in April. He commanded a Regiment at the Capture of Quebec 1759 and at the Capture of Havana 1762.

Channing, William Esq., Atty. General, died Sept. 21, age 42 yrs. He was 2nd son of John Channing, graduated at Princeton, N. J., 1768. He married Lucy, daughter of Hon. Wm. Ellery and had eleven children, his eldest son Francis Dana, a Lawyer in Boston, his second son, Rev. Wm. E. Channing, D. D. Dr. Walter and Edward professors in Harvard College.

1794. Constock, Hon. Gideon, Judge of Supreme Court died at Providence Oct. 11, age 55 yrs.

1795. Consuls for France. M. Lewis Arcambale for Newport.

Consuls for Spain. Don. Joseph Wiseman for Newport.

Consuls for Spain. Don. Juan Stoughton for New England.

1795. Collins, John, Former Governor, died March 2, age 78 yrs., Newport. He owned Castle Hill Farm and left a son John A. Collins, and a daughter married Dr. John Warren Boston, and one married Capt. Caleb Gardner.

1797. Champlin, George, Speaker House of Representatives, also 98.

1798. Congdon, John, assistant many years died Jan. 2, age 64, at North Kingstown.

1800. Cornell, Gen. Ezekiel formerly of Scituate, R. I., died at Milford, Mass., in May, was a Rhode Island Brigadier in Revolution.

1800. Case, Doctor, commenced practice in Newport.

Queries.

7748. BULL-Who was Charles A. Bull, of Lisle, Ill., living there about 1837?

Jireh (3) Bull (Jireh) (2), Gov. Henry (1), of Newport, was born 1653, died July 16, 1702 or 9. When and where was he married? His wife was Golegift, the 8th child of Gov. Benedict and Damaris (Westcott) Arnold. She died April 23, 1691. When and where was he married to Sarah, his second wife, and what was her maiden name?

Henry (3) Bull, son of Jireh (2), of Kingstown, R. I., was born 1688, died 1691, married (when and where?) Ann, daughter of John and Susanna (Hutchinson) Cole. She was born March 7, 1661, died May 31, 1701.

Ephraim (3), son of Jireh (2) of Kingstown, was born 1693, died 1721; married (1), Oct. 27, 1692, Mary Coggeshall, who died Dec. 2, 1699; married (2) June 20, 1700, Hannah Halway. Would like all possible dates.

Ezekiel Bull, (3) son of Jireh, of Kingstown, R. I., born 1671, died Sept. 7, 1727. When and where did he marry his wife Elizabeth, and what was her maiden name?

When and where was Henry (4) Bull, son of Henry (3), Jireh (2), Gov. Henry (1) born. He died 1774, when and where? He married June 22, 1710 (in Newport?) Martha, daughter of John O'Brien, of Newport.

Did Jireh (3) and Golegift (Arnold) Bull have a son James? There was a James who died 1710, and another James who in 1789 was chosen one of 7 special constables, etc. and died of

Small-pox at Conanicut Island the same year. There was also a James Bull who died Nov. 11, 1736, aged 51 years, and was buried in the Common Ground at Newport.

Would like all the children of Benjamin and Content (James) Bull, married Dec. 17, 1710. C. B.

7749. HEATH-Would like information concerning Jonathan, Hannah or Haynes Heath and Samuel Wilbur Heath, who were perhaps in Newport, R. I. somewhere near 1735.-J. H. G.

7750. BEEBE-Can any one give me information in regard to Samuel Beebe, formerly of New London; but apparently a resident of Newport, R. I., 1728. At that date he petitioned the Court at New London for the appointment of his son Samuel Beebe, Jr. of Plum Island as administrator of the estate of Elizabeth Beebe, his wife deceased.-W. D. B.

7751. BASSETT-Samuel Bassett, born at Norton, Mass., went to Keene, N. H., married Martha Belding, born 1766. Have record of one son, Massa, 1783. Any more children?-A. B. N.

7752. HOWES, NICKERSON-Can someone interested in Howes genealogy, give me the birthplace and ancestry of Sarah Howes, who married Richard Nickerson of Chatham, Mass., about 1753-6. I think she died about fifteen years later.-E. W. L. B.

7753. MOORE, EASTON-Would like percentage of Mercy Easton, who married John Moore of Richmond (formerly Westerly, R. I.) He was made a freeman there in 1727.-C. A. H. Jr.

7754. WILLARD-Information about George Willard and wife, early settlers, probably at Yarmouth. These are all Cape Cod families.-H. C. C. K.

7755. KING, CUTLER-Ancestry wanted of Mary King who married James Cutler of Watertown, March 9, 1845.-H. C. C. K.

7756. CUTLER-Ancestry wanted of Abigail, who was wife of Lieutenant Thomas Cutler of Watertown and Lexington.-H. C. C. K.

7757. JOYCE, SYLVESTER-Who were the parents of Lucretia Joyce, who died at Scituate, Jan. 1, 1718, aged forty-four, and who married at Marshfield Oct. 9, 1703, Samuel Sylvester (John) (2), Richard (1), born Scituate, 1676, baptized Oct. 8, and died in Scituate, 1737.-T. W. H.

7758. HOWARD-Who was Henry Howard, of Hartford, Conn., died 1789, who married Sarah Stone in 1648?-M. T. R.

7759. ARNOLD-Who was Henry Arnold of Hartford, Conn? died Aug. 3, 1725, in Hartford, Conn., married Elizabeth Colefax, daughter of Jonathan.-M. T. R.

7760. WOOD, DAVENPORT-Wanted the ancestry of Polly Wood, who married at Dummerston, Vt., on May 8, 1783, Charles Davenport.-A. A. A.

7761. BROWN DWELLS-What was the ancestry of Elizabeth Brown, who married at Scituate, Mass., April 15, 1785, Abner Dwells? When did she die?-F. M. C.

The Returned Maine Battle Flags

BY MOSES OWEN.

The janitor of the Maine State Capitol was one day showing a party of young ladies through the building. When they came to the battle flags carried by the various Maine regiments in the war of the rebellion, one of the ladies in a somewhat slighting tone remarked: "These are nothing but flags." Which remark was the inspiration for the following beautiful lines, which are just as applicable to Rhode Island as to Maine.

Nothing but flags-but simple flags, Tattered and torn and hanging in rags; And we walk beneath them with careless tread, Nor think of the hosts of the mighty dead.

That have marched beneath them in days gone by, With a burning cheek, and a kindly eye; And have bathed their folds with their young life's tide, And dying, blessed them, and blessing, died.

Nothing but flags-yet, methinks, at night, They tell each other their tales of fight! And dim spectres come, and their thin arms twine 'Round each standard torn-as they stand in line.

As the word is given-they charge! They form! And the dim hall rings with the battle's storm; And once again, through the smoke and strife, Those colors lead to a Nation's life.

Nothing but flags-yet they're bathed with tears; They tell of triumphs-of hopes-of fears; Of a mother's prayers-of a boy away, Of a serpent crushed-of the coming day;

Silent they speak-and the tear will start, As we stand beneath them with throbbing heart, And think of those who are ne'er forgot, Their flags come home-why come they not!

Nothing but flags-yet we hold out breath, And gaze with awe at those types of death; Nothing but flags-yet the thought will come, The heart must pray though the lips be dumb;

They are sacred, pure, and we can see no stain, On those dear loved flags come home again; Baptized in blood, our purest, best, Tattered and torn, they're now at rest.

Mrs. Higgins. My husband gave up fishing when he joined the church. Mrs. Higgins-but fishing isn't sinful. Mrs. Higgins-No, but lying is-Philadelphia Record.

The first hour of the morning is the ruler of the day-Henry Ward Beecher.

MIDDLEBROWN.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

The president of the Paradise Club, Mrs. Elsie Petzka Sorrell, is spending the month in New York with her husband, Mr. Thomas L. Sorrell, as the Wyoming of which he is chief yeoman, is in New York harbor. He will have a month's furlough in May. No meeting of the Paradise Club nor of the Oliphant Club was held this week.

There was a celebration of quarterly Communion at the Methodist Episcopal Church on Sunday last. At the close of the service Rev. Mr. Wells was warmly welcomed back by his parishioners. At the session of the Sunday School tomorrow there will be a special Easter program. At the afternoon service there will be an Easter sermon and special music.

Services at the Berkeley Memorial Chapel on the morning of Palm Sunday were conducted by Rev. John R. Diman.

It's up to some enterprising agent to convince the summer girl that freckles are beauty spots.

LAST HOPE IS GONE

Dramatic Plea For Clemency For Gunmen Is of No Avail

An impassioned and dramatic appeal made by five Jewish clergymen of New York for a stay of execution of the four gunmen who were convicted of killing Herman Rosenthal was denied by Governor Glynn of New York. The convicted men must now die in the electric chair at Sing Sing next Monday.

The plea was made in the executive chamber and was based on the possibility of new evidence developing in the second trial of former Police Lieutenant Becker.

It so completely unnerved the governor that he had to retire to his private office for a time before he could continue his duties.

FOUND DEAD BESIDE BABY

Husband of Woman Is Accused of Murdering Her

Mrs. Mary Thorpe, a 20-year-old wife, was found lying dead with her throat cut by the side of her first-born baby, only 10 days old, at her home at Holyoke, Mass.

George Thorpe, the husband, was arrested for the murder. The police charge that he cut his wife's throat with a razor, following ten days' drunkenness and unemployment.

Thorpe and Mrs. Mary Kelly were married July 11 last. They apparently had been happy up to a few weeks ago. Thorpe was a paper worker.

MORTGAGEE'S SALE

BY VIRTUE of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed made by Timothy Sullivan and Mary Sullivan his wife to Rosa David, dated August 11, 1911, and recorded in Volume 47 at pages 130 to 131 in the Mortgage Land Office of the City of Newport, Rhode Island, and which said mortgage was assigned by the said Rosa David, the said Mortgagee to Frank F. Nolan by assignment, dated September 8, 1913, and recorded in Volume 47 at pages 25, 26 of the Mortgage Land Office of the City of Newport in the State of Rhode Island, branch of the condition of said mortgage having been made and still existing, the Assignee of the said mortgage will sell at public auction on both Road in front of the land hereinafter described on MONDAY, the fourth day of May, A. D. 1914, at 10 o'clock, noon, all the right title and interest which said Timothy Sullivan and Mary Sullivan his wife had at the time of the execution of said mortgage and did by said mortgage convey in or to that parcel of land with the buildings and improvements thereon situate in said City of Newport and bounded and described as follows:—Southeasterly partly by both Road and partly by land of James H. B. Matthews; easterly by land of Mary M. Waters; and westerly partly by land of Carlo Adorno and partly by said mortgage deed which deed is hereby made a part hereof.

And the Assignee of the said mortgage hereby gives notice that he intends to bid for said property at said sale.

FRANK F. NOLAN, Assignee of the Mortgage.

Dated April 11th 1914.-4 w.

Probate Court of the City of Newport, April 8th, 1914.

Estate of Mary T. Austin. ANONY AUSTIN Guardian of the person and estate of Mary T. Austin of mortgage of said Newport presents his 1913 and account with the estate of said ward, for allowance; and the same is received and referred to the twenty-seventh day of April instant at ten o'clock A. M. at the Probate Court Room, in said Newport, for consideration; and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the Newport Mercury.

DUNCAN A. HAZARD, Clerk.

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OR ANNOUNCEMENTS

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Is really indispensable. It is also popular. In fact, it might safely be considered the most popular piece of furniture in existence. There comes to mind a clever little desk in our desk stock designed for a bed room or a living room where space is limited. It closely resembles in style a Sheraton desk made about the year 1800.

Its mark of originality is present in the flap lid, which falls down, converting it into a little table. Inside this lid there are convenient places for pen, paper and envelopes. Its wood, its excellent lines and the small space it occupies are three good points decidedly in its favor—a fourth is the price.

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MODERN DANCING, By Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Castle.

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A NICE LINE OF EASTER CARDS, DAILY NEWS BUILDING.

State Of Rhode Island AND PROVIDENCE PLANTATIONS.

NEWPORT, R. I. Office of the Clerk of the Superior Court for Newport County, Newport, April 8, 1914.

WHEREAS MARY E. CUMMINGS of Providence, in the County of Newport and State of Rhode Island, has filed in this office her petition praying for a divorce from the bond of matrimony existing between the said Mary E. Cummings and Charles Herbert Cummings, now in public to the said Mary E. Cummings unknown, on which said petition an order of notice has been entered.

Notice is therefore hereby given to the said Charles Herbert Cummings of the pendency of said petition and that he shall appear, if he shall see fit, at the Superior Court to be holden at the Court House in Newport, within and for the County of Newport, on the third Monday of May A. D. 1914, then and there to respond to said petition.

HONEY D. HARVEY, Clerk.

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